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RENUNCIATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CARRIE MYER.

Untwined from Love's upholding tree,
In this fierce strife and agony,
Blackened and bruised the tendrils lie:—
The vine itself at last must die!

There are no soft, reviving showers
To come to Life's pale, withered flowers;
Too wild and dark the storm hath been—
Too cold the night hath closed them in!

'Tis long since peace hath been a guest
Within my weary, aching breast;
Long since the light of hope went out
Among the mists of fear and doubt.

This cherished gem of sweetest trust,
Forever, low in burial dust,
With bitter tears I here resign,
Nor covet o'er again its shine.

Oh, how the gold is turned to dross!
Oh, Christ, but for Thy precious cross
My soul would earthward droop and faint,
Beneath this sickening sorrow-taint!

Too well beloved! I bid thee go!
What this hath cost thou wilt not know.
Thou, to the world's wide dazzling glare,
And I, to solitude and prayer

Must hasten now; in severed ways
Shall pass the strangely shadowed days;
Both looking back with vain regret,
And neither never to forget!

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

Author of "The Earl's Daughter," "Danesbury House," "The Red Court Farm," &c."

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CHAPTER XV.

THE JAPANNED BOX.

The days went on, and the divers were busy, striving to fish up articles from the wreck. The coast presented an unusually stirring appearance, so many idlers flocking constantly to the scene; the preventive men being in charge, so that no depredations could take place. As the divers' exertions, however, appeared likely to meet with but poor reward, the idle spectators got tired of thronging to the spot, and the operators and coast guard were left comparatively in peace.

One visitor they constantly had; and that was the young stranger, Mr. Lydney. He expressed himself as being most anxious to recover a certain box; describing it as one of middling size, a tin one, japanned. Wilfred Lester, between whom and Mr. Lydney an intimacy was springing up, laughed at him one day, and rallied him on his disquiet.

"One would think all your worldly wealth was entombed in that chest, Lydney," he observed.

"And it is—in a measure," was the answer. "For it contains valuable deeds and documents, without which my worldly wealth will be of little value to me."

"Suppose it is gone for ever?" returned Wilfred. "Would the loss be totally irremediable."

"Upon my word, I cannot say," replied Mr. Lydney. "Some of its documents might be replaced; but others—I would rather not dwell on that possibility; I am of a hopeful nature."

And he appeared, in this instance, not to be of a hopeful nature in vain. One morning, a fortnight after the night of the wreck, Mr. Lydney found, upon going down, that the divers had brought up several things. They were of various and opposite kinds, as you may well imagine. A part of a beam of wood; a gold Albert chain; a small cask which contained salt meat; a sealed case, holding letters; and there were divers boxes. Once, they thought they were hauling up a poor little baby, but it proved to be a huge wax doll, dressed in lace and satins; its young mistress was colder and more lifeless now than the doll.

With an eager step, when he saw the recovered things, did William Lydney hasten to inspect them. Owners had been found for none; not for one of those articles, lying on the beach; the owners had gone with the wax doll's little mistress, and would awaken no more in this world.

"Is it among 'em, sir?" asked Mitchel, the preventive man, coming up as Mr. Lydney stood over the boxes, for his anxiety to recover the chest was no secret. "There's one in case you see, sir; but I fear it's larger than you describe yours to be."

William Lydney lifted his head, and his face expressed keen disappointment.

"It is not among them," was all he said.

"What's this?" rejoined Mitchel, turning round to speak as he was walking away, for he perceived that something else was coming up, to be added to the relics.

It was a japanned box, about two feet square, with the initials "V. V. V." surmounted by a Maltese cross, studded on it in brass nails.—Mitchel scarcely need have asked what it was, had he glanced at the countenance of Mr. Lydney; the eager, trembling expectation, the intense joy that lighted it up, proved it was the much-wished for chest. In the moment's excitement he took it, he alone, from the grasp of the men who bore it; William Lydney was a strong man, but not strong enough to lift that heavy case in ordinary moments.

"It's the one ye've been looking out for, ain't it, master?" asked one of the bearers, as it was deposited on the beach.

"Yes it is," replied Mr. Lydney; "I will reward you and the divers well."

"But them letters don't stand for your name, sir," cried Mitchel, as the men moved away again.

"I have not said they did," laughed Mr. Lydney. "But now, to get it up to the Sailor's Rest. I'll leave you guard over it, Mitchel, while I go and find somebody with a truck, or barrow; or get Ravensbird to send. Mark you, my good man, it's very precious."

"I'll take charge of it, sir," smiled Mitchel; "It's all in my duty and my day's work. Where you leave it, there you'll find it, untouched."

You spoke there without your host, Mr. Preventive Mitchel.

Hardly had Mr. Lydney quitted the beach when Lord Dane appeared on it. He was in sporting attire; but, underneath his black velveteen coat, linen shone out of the finest and most costly texture. His keeper—not the one who was wounded—had gone to the preserves with the guns and dogs, and Lord Dane had been following him, when a rumor met him that the divers were now beginning to find. His lordship turned off his way for a short visit to the beach. There stood Mitchel, keeping watch over the things, in pursuance of his promise to Mr. Lydney—and also in pursuance of his duty.

"Is this all they have got up?" uttered his lordship to Mitchel, in a tone of surprise. "I thought it must have been half the ship full. Young Shad came grinning up to me, and said the beach was covered."

"A light-fingered young monkey!" apostrophized Mitchel. "I drove him off from here, for it would require a man with ten eyes to watch him. No, my lord, they have not got up much, and I don't expect they will: though they have been more fortunate the last few hours than they have been all along. That box has turned up at last, my lord, that the young gent has been so worried after."

"What young gent?" asked his lordship.

"That fine young man who was saved in the life boat, and is stopping at the Sailor's Rest," replied Mitchel. "How anxious he have come here, day after day, a watching and waiting, all for this japanned box! Had it been crammed full of thousand pound bank notes he couldn't have been more eager. That's it, my lord, behind you."

Lord Dane was standing with his back to the box, and turned round at the words. What could he find in it to attract his notice? Something, apparently; for he remained gazing down at it. Like one transfixed stood he; and when he did rouse himself and lift his head, it was only to walk round the box, survey it on all sides, touch it, shake it, and, in short, look like a child does at a new toy—as if he would very much enjoy the pulling it to pieces to see what was in it.

"Who do you say this belongs to?" cried he presently to Mitchel.

"That young American, my lord, who was brought ashore in the life-boat. Your lordship must have seen him many times: a fine, handsome man he is, pleasant to speak to. I mean Mr. Lydney."

"Is it his chest?"

"It can't well be anybody else's," returned Mitchel—"as your lordship would say, if you had seen his anxiety over it. When it came up this morning it was just as if he had found a treasure: all a tremble he was with delight."

A MYSTERIOUS LOSS.

"Lydney?—Lydney?" repeated his lordship to himself, as if oblivious of the presence of Mitchel. "Lydney? Have I heard that name ever? It does not strike upon my memory. Neither does it answer to—to—"

Lord Dane stopped; he was looking down at the initials on the box, and Mitchel spoke up, possibly believing he discovered the drift of the peer's thoughts.

"The letters don't stand for his own name, my lord, as I remarked to him just now; and he answered me, merrily like, that he had not said they did. He is gone to send down some men to remove it to the Sailor's Rest."

Lord Dane stooped to the rest of the things and glanced keenly at all. "Does any of this belong to him?" he questioned of Mitchel.

"Nothing else, my lord; nothing but that japanned box that seems so precious to him. He has not appeared to care at all about any other part of his luggage being found, though he says he had a good bit on board."

Lord Dane walked away without saying more, and Mitchel remained in charge. Presently, somewhat to the surprise of the latter, his lordship reappeared, followed by an empty cart and two men. The cart belonged to a miller on the Dane estate, and was on its way to fetch wheat to be ground. Lord Dane encountered it as he turned off the beach into the road, and commanded it into his own service, for what purpose you will see.

Down came the cart, its two attendants, and his lordship, and halted close to Mitchel and the recovered things. Lord Dane pointed to them with his finger. "Hoist them in," said he.

The men did so, to the wondering surprise of Mitchel, and made short work of the process. None of the articles were heavy, save the japanned box. That went in with the rest; but the barrel of pork and the beam of wood his lordship told them they might leave on the beach. Then the cart and its contents proceeded to move away again.

"My lord," uttered Mitchel in a perfect ecstacy of consternation, "they must not take off the things, especially that tin chest. I am left here to see that nobody does do it."

"I have ordered them to the castle for safety," replied Lord Dane.

"But that tin case, my lord—its owner is coming down for it directly. And I passed my word that he should find it here safe and untouched. If he complains to the supervisor I may lose my place, your lordship."

"Lose your place for yielding the authority vested in you to mine!" returned Lord Dane in a good-humored tone, which seemed to chaff at Mitchel's simplicity. "We don't know yet to whom these things may belong, and they will be in safety at the castle."

"But—I hope your lordship will pardon me for speaking—this tin box has got its owner," persisted Mitchel. "When the gentleman returns for it what am I to say to him?"

"Mitchel," said his lordship, quietly, "you must understand one thing, which you do not yet appear to be aware of. As lord of the manor, I possess a right to claim all and everything fished up from that wreck, whether the original owners be saved or not. I do not wish to exert this privilege; I should not think of doing so; but I do choose that these things shall for the present be placed in the castle, that they may be in safety. You may say that to Mr. Lydney."

Lord Dane strode off after the cart, and Mitchel remained where he was, as still as though he had been changed to a petrifaction. The procedure did not meet his approbation; and, in defiance of Lord Dane's assurance, he feared he might get into trouble over it. He neither spoke nor moved, but just remained staring and thinking. Neither did he when, some time after, Mr. Lydney appeared. Ravensbird came with him, and a man with a truck.

"Why, where's the box?" exclaimed Mr. Lydney, gazing round. "Mitchel, what have you done with the box?"

"I don't know," replied Mitchel, speaking helplessly. "I have not done anything with it. Lord Dane came down, and sent it away, and the other things also."

"Sent it where?" asked Mr. Lydney.

"Up to the castle, sir. He was lord of the manor, and possessed a right to claim what was got up from the wreck, he said. Not that he should think of claiming them, but they must be put in the castle for safety till the owners turned up—which, of course, they are never likely to do: but perhaps he meant their friends."

"The owners of that japanned box had turned up," cried Mr. Lydney. "His lordship had no business to interfere, so much as to put his finger upon it. How could you think of allowing it, Mitchel? You are to blame."

"If you were not a stranger here, sir, you would never ask how we can think of allowing sway to Lord Dane," was the reply of the preventive man to Mr. Lydney. "He is master of everything; of Danesheld and the people in it. I had no more power to keep your box back, when Lord Dane said it was to go, than I have to stop that sea from flowing."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Lydney, who appeared much provoked. "Lord Dane cannot be allowed to play the martinet over all the world."

"Well, sir, I assure you it was no fault of mine. But if you go to the castle, of course he will give the box up to you; it can't be of no use to him."

Ravensbird looked round at Mr. Lydney. "I don't think you'll get it, sir," he said. "At any rate, you must go cautiously to work."

With a haughty toss of the head and contemptuous curl of the lip, not directed at Ravensbird—but ill or underhand doing always excited the scorn of William Lydney—he proceeded immediately to the castle, the man and the truck following in his wake. Not Ravensbird; it was rare, indeed, that he troubled the castle. He rang a sounding peal on the bell, just as Mr. Bruff, who was quitting the house, opened the gate.

"I wish to see Lord Dane," said Mr. Lydney. And Bruff thought that no man had ever appeared at that castle yet, possessing more of the bearing and tones of a chieftain. He bowed low.

"His lordship is out, sir."

"I was informed his lordship had just returned, in charge of some property got up from the wreck."

Bruff looked curiously at the visitor. Who he could be, presuming to speak in those scornful tones, palpably directed towards Lord Dane and his doings? Bruff did not resent it; he felt convinced that the gentleman before him was a gentleman, and an honorable man.

"My lord did return here, sir, with the men who brought up the things. But he has gone out since."

"Amongst those things was a box, which I claim," proceeded Mr. Lydney. "I must request you to deliver it to me."

"It is not in my power, sir. I dare not meddle with anything against the orders of Lord Dane."

"I say that I claim it," quietly returned Mr. Lydney, "and I must have it given up to me."

"I am sure, sir, when you remember that I am Lord Dane's servant, you will see how impossible it is that I can meddle with anything, contrary to his lordship's orders."

"The things are in the castle?"

"Certainly they are, sir. His lordship had them put in the strong room, that they might be in safety; he gave me the key, and charged me not to let them be touched. The death-room, we used to call it, but the name, not being an agreeable one, has been changed."

"Do you know that you may do me an irreparable injury, an injury that can never be removed, by refusing to deliver up that property?" pursued Mr. Lydney.

"I am sorry to hear you say so, sir, and if it depended on my will, you should have it this instant; but this is a matter of duty to my lord, which I, receiving his wages and living under his roof, must not violate."

Mr. Lydney silently acquiesced in the good faith of the reasoning, and perceived how useless it would be to argue the point further.

"Is there any one who holds authority at the castle, to whom I can apply?" he inquired.

"Miss Dane is at the castle, sir, my lord's sister; but as to authority—you can see her if you please, sir."

The visitor motioned with his hand in reply, and Bruff led the way to the drawing-rooms.

"What name, sir?" he asked, pausing with his hand on the door.

"Mr. William Lydney."

Miss Dane rose at his entrance. She was older than her brother, in fact in her forty-second year, but she assumed the dress and the manners of a girl of twenty. She had small and rather pretty features, a delicate complexion, and a soft rose color on her cheeks, altogether looking very much more youthful than she really was. Her dark brown hair, beginning to be sprinkled with silver, was worn as carelessly as a child's, in a profusion of long ringlets all round her head, and her blue eyes had a habit of shyly sinking from the gaze of other eyes, especially those of gentlemen. Putting her vanity and her affectation aside, Miss Dane was not to be disliked. She was simple and kindhearted, not overburdened with strong intellect, and the most marked peculiarity about her was, that she fancied every stranger fell in love with her at first sight. Danesheld called her an old maid: Miss Dane would have been mortally offended, had she heard them. She was attired in a light blue silk, and jacket to match, jointly set off with many trimmings and silver buttons.

"I have the honor of speaking to Miss Dane," began Mr. Lydney.

Miss Dane curtsied and simpered, and simpered and curtsied again.

"What an attractive man!" quoth she to herself, and forthwith fell right in love with him, and fondly hoped that he was returning the compliment. Mr. Lydney, however, was too much engrossed by his tin box and its abstraction, to admit softer impressions just then, even though he had been as susceptible as the lady. He gave her a concise history of the affair, and inquired whether she would not give orders that his box should be restored to him.

"I never heard of such a procedure," cried she, in a pretty little weak voice, and shaking her ringlets affectedly. "Geoffry—my brother—went down to the beach, and ordered the recovered things up here, you say? What did he do it for? what did he want with them?"

"That is precisely what I should be glad to know, Miss Dane."

"I don't think they can have come here, dear sir; I fancy there must be some error. Allow me to ring for Bruff."

She tripped to the bell, before Mr. Lydney could forestall her; and Bruff—who for some reason, best known to himself, had delayed the errand he was departing upon when Mr. Lydney appeared at the castle gate—came in answer to the summons.

"Bruff," asked Miss Dane, "have any boxes and things been brought here this morning, belonging to that wrecked ship?"

"Yes, miss," answered Bruff. For Miss Dane, though living at the castle as its mistress, never would submit to be addressed as "ma'am." In her opinion it would have taken from her appearance of youth, and woe be to the servant who transgressed, for he fell under her stern displeasure: at least, as stern as simple Miss Dane could show.

"Is this gentleman's box here, then?" she proceeded.

"I can't say that, miss; I did not remark particularly what came. It was all put in the strong room. If the box was in the cart with the other things, it's here."

"It is of the very utmost consequence that I should have it, Miss Dane," struck in Mr. Lydney. "Lord Dane would surely not object to its being returned to me, were he at home."

"Of course not, sir," warmly acquiesced Miss Dane. "Bruff, you cannot do wrong by giving up to this gentleman his own property."

"My lord's orders were that the things should not be touched, under any pretence whatever, miss," remonstrated Bruff.

"Yes, I can understand that; when there were no claimants for them, he naturally would cause them to remain in security. But this gentleman claims his box and requires it: so you must give it to him."

"Not upon my own responsibility, miss," returned the butler. "If you order me to do so, that of course alters the case."

"Dear me, Bruff, how tiresome and precise you are!" ejaculated Miss Dane, with her childish simper. "It stands to reason that his lordship, in taking possession of the property, could only have had regard to the interest of the owners; therefore I cannot do wrong in desiring that what belongs to this gentleman should be given up to him."

Mr. Lydney rose. "It is a japanned box," he said to Bruff, "with initials and a cross on the lid in gilt; you cannot mistake it. But I may as well go with you, and point it out."

Bruff seemed to hesitate still, and at length turned to Miss Dane.

"Miss," he said, "you know what my lord is, if he is disobeyed. Now I really dare not do this of my own accord—though I'm sure I ask pardon for saying so, in the face of your orders. Perhaps, miss, you would not mind coming to the strong room, and delivering up the box yourself, as it were."

Miss Dane did not mind it at all: she rather liked the expedition, especially when the handsome young stranger gallantly offered his arm as an escort. Down stairs they went, through the passages to the strong room, she mincing and chattering by his side. Bruff produced the key, and unlocked the door.

When the reader first saw that room, it had trestles standing in its middle, bearing something cold and heavy. Now the trestles had disappeared, and in the same place, thrown in a hasty heap on the floor, were the relics fished up by the divers. Mr. Lydney released Miss Dane, and stood an instant, his eye rapidly scanning them one by one. A look of angry perplexity rose to his face.

"My box is not here," he exclaimed with sternness.

It was a contretemps that neither Miss Dane nor Bruff had expected: perhaps the latter felt rather relieved than otherwise. Certainly no japanned chest was amongst the articles. Mr. Lydney turned to Bruff.

"Where has it been put to?" he inquired, his quiet tone carrying more command with it than many a louder one.

"If it is not here, sir," promptly replied Bruff, "it was not brought to the castle. The things were removed from the cart straight to this room, and I can be upon my word that nobody has been near them since."

"It was brought to the castle safe enough," retorted Mr. Lydney. "If you saw the things taken out of the cart, you must remember it."

"A japanned box, you say, sir," cogitated Bruff, casting his thoughts back. "I cannot be certain that I did see it: I took no particular notice what the things were, though I can attest that they were all placed in this room."

"Then it has been removed since," replied Mr. Lydney.

Bruff shook his head. "I can equally attest, sir, and in the most positive manner, that that could not be. The key has not been out of my possession."

Mr. Lydney felt sure that the box had been removed, and he began casting round his eyes for hiding places. They fell upon the door of a closet, and he pulled it open, for the key was in. A dark closet, with nothing in it but some trestles, which leaned against the wall: there were no signs of the box.

"It is like magic," observed Miss Dane. "If the box was positively brought up in the cart, as you affirm, dear sir, the cart must have taken it away again: that's the only solution I can come to. My brother, hearing it was yours, may have sent it to your lodgings."

But this hypothesis was destroyed by Bruff, who declared that when the cart drove away from the gate it was perfectly empty. Mr. Lydney appeared to be thrown up. He inquired at what hour he could see Lord Dane.

He would probably not be home before the dinner hour, Bruff rejoined, six o'clock. His lordship dined at six when in the country.

"But, my dear sir," interrupted Miss Dane, as Lydney was wishing her good morning,

"If the box has been so long in the water, its contents must be saturated and useless. You may be disturbing yourself for nothing."

"I expect the contents are intact," was the reply. "The box contains another, which is hermetically sealed, and is impervious to fire and water. I have the honor, madame, for the present, to wish you good day."

Outside the castle, Mr. Lydney paused to consider what he should do in the emergency. He came to the determination to seek out the men belonging to the cart, and proceeded to the beach to inquire of Mitchel who they were. Mitchel gave the necessary information, adding, (when he heard the box was missing,) *that it did go away in the cart.* And Mr. Lydney found the men.

But it afforded him very little service. They were a couple of dull, stupid clodhoppers, of that species of rustic whom we are apt to marvel at; to question, almost, whether they can be human beings. They had just sufficient brains to get through their day's work at the miller's, and that was all.

"A tin box, japanned, wi' gilt marks outside on't? They didn't know: my lord telled 'em to pick up the things what laid on the shingle and take 'em to the castle, and they did so. There couldn't be no box missing out of 'em, 'twarn't likely."

"But I tell you that it is missing," said Mr. Lydney. "And, as to your not recollecting it, if you lifted it into the cart, and then removed it from the cart to Lord Dane's strong room, you must have observed it. It was a peculiar looking box."

The men scratched their heads. They moved the things for sartain, themselves, but they didn't mark one thing more nor another—

"Was the box taken from the cart between the beach and the castle?" impatiently interrupted Mr. Lydney.

The two fellows stared, evidently considering it a foolish question. Not it, they answered. They had drove right from the beach to the castle, the one walking by the cart, t'other behind it: where should they be likely to leave a box, when my lord had ordered 'em to the castle. By token, my lord hisself was near 'em, and must have kept the cart in sight, and could say whether they had stopped or not.

"And you left *all* the things at the castle."

They left 'em all, and come away with the empty cart to fetch their sacks o' wheat.

And nothing more satisfactory than this could Mr. Lydney get out of them. Though he believed they were too stolid to tell anything but the truth.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SEARCH.

Mr. Bruff entertained an idea that there was no policy like that of taking the bull by the horns. Accordingly he quitted the castle and contrived to cross that portion of the Dane preserves where he deemed it most likely Lord Dane would be. Upon seeing him, he went boldly up and told his tale of the occurrences *of the morning, depressingly dwelling upon* the fact that the room had been opened by Miss Dane's orders, against his own will.

Lord Dane was sitting on the stump of a tree, solacing himself with a sandwich and something good from a flask. Bruff stood humbly before him, expecting little less than that his head would be snapped off. Few peers visited disobedience of orders more sharply than he of Dane.

"As a general rule, Bruff, you know that what I say is law, and may not be violated with impunity," cried his lordship, with his mouth full. "In this instance, the matter was not momentous; but I shall speak to Miss Dane, who appears to have been more in fault than you. Did you give the young man his box?"

"The box was not there, my lord, leastways the one he said he was looking after," replied the amazed and relieved Bruff. "A tin box, japanned, with gilt initials outside, he described it to be: there was nothing answering to the description, your lordship."

"Then what brought the fellow intruding after it?" cried his lordship, testily. "That's just what I expected it would be—that every man, woman and child, who might have ever so remote an interest in the ship, would be poking themselves up to view the relics: and therefore I ordered you to keep them closed. Let them go down with the divers, and hunt there."

"The young gentleman says the box was found and brought to the castle, my lord," returned Bruff, believing Lord Dane was taking a wrong view of the facts. "But, as I told him, if the box came with the other things, there it would now be, with them."

"Rubbish!" returned Lord Dane. "The box could not vanish through the floor. Perhaps you overlooked it, Bruff."

Mr. Bruff thought not. And subjoined the information that the young gentleman had announced his intention of calling at the castle, to see Lord Dane upon the point.

"He is welcome," said his lordship.

Mr. Lydney so timed his visit as to see Lord Dane just before his dinner hour. He was received with politeness.

"My butler has been telling me some rigmarole story about a box vanishing out of the strong room," began his lordship, in a free, frank tone. "But the thing is impossible: if the box was placed in the strong room, it must be in it still."

"The box was certainly put in the cart to be brought to the castle; to that Mitchel can testify," returned Mr. Lydney, in a tone as free as his lordship's, though somewhat more haughty. "The question is, where was it put, after it reached the castle."

"Did Mitchel take notice of the box?"

"Yes," emphatically replied Mr. Lydney. "And Mitchel says that your lordship also took notice of it, and remarked that the initials on it were not those of my name."

"Is it that box which is missing?—the one with the three gilt V's upon it?" exclaimed Lord Dane. "Oh, that was certainly placed in the cart: I saw the men put it in."

"May I inquire why your lordship should have meddled with the box at all—"

"I had the things brought up for security," interrupted Lord Dane.

"But I had claimed that particular box, and had left it in Mitchel's care, while I went for means to remove it," said Mr. Lydney. "It appears to me that it could not be any concern of your lordship's. As to safety—Mitchel, I say, was in charge."

"Were you accustomed to see much of wrecks, which I do not suppose you are, you would know how next to impossible it is for any preventive men to stop the pilfering of the marauders that infest the coast," rejoined Lord Dane. "It was my duty, as lord of the manor, to take care that the things recovered remained intact. "You are at liberty to claim your property, and remove it from the castle."

"But where is my property?" asked Mr. Lydney. "Your servant showed me the things brought here from the beach, *all* the things, he said; and it was not with them."

"Sir, to reiterate such an assertion makes me quite angry," tartly rejoined Lord Dane. "A box locked up safely in a strong room could not vanish from it: it must be there still."

Lord Dane rang the bell for the key of the strong room as he spoke, and Bruff brought it to him. He and Mr. Lydney then proceeded thither.

"Your lordship must perceive that the box is *not* here," said Mr. Lydney, pointing to the things as they lay on the floor.

Lord Dane glanced at them with a keen and curious eye: and when he found beyond doubt that the box really was missing, he appeared on the point of losing his temper. "It is most strange, most singular!" he uttered; and, striding to the door, shouted out for Bruff.

The man came in hasty answer to the summons, and Lord Dane abruptly addressed him.

"Whom have you dared admit to this room? Somebody must have entered and removed the box."

"I declare to goodness, my lord, that not a soul has entered it," cried the unhappy Bruff, "saving this gentleman and Miss Dane. The key never was out of my personal custody." And Lydney felt convinced that the man was speaking the truth.

"The box must have been conveyed to some other room when brought to the castle, not to this one at all," he observed, but Lord Dane interrupted him.

"I give you my honor, sir, as a peer of England, that the things brought in the cart were placed in this room, and in this room only. The men had no opportunity of entering any other, and did not enter one."

"I can bear my lord out in that," interposed Bruff, turning his honest face upon the stranger. "The things were brought straight to this room through the outer passage, not the inner one: had the men wished to go into another room, they could not. Besides, I was with them all the time, and my lord also; was looking on. I'm sure it's like magic."

"I can surmise how it is," said Lord Dane; "the men must have omitted to remove that box from the cart."

"No," said Mr. Lydney. "I have questioned the men, and am satisfied that it was brought into the castle."

"My lord," put in the butler, "I watched the cart go away from the gates, and it was quite empty."

"It is inexplicable," exclaimed Lord Dane. "But I hope," he added, turning to Mr. Lydney, with a frank smile, "that it will soon be explained, and the box found, for you appear to set store by it."

"It shall be found, if there be law or justice in England," warmly spoke the young man.

"Nay," said Lord Dane, "you would seem to cast blame to me; but that is not just."

"My lord," returned Mr. Lydney, "it is against my nature to act, or suspect, in an underhand manner, and therefore I candidly avow my opinion that your lordship has custody of the box. Had it been lying on the beach unclaimed, as the other things were, and you had ordered it to the castle, I could have understood it; but that you should do so in the face of Mitchel's assurance that it was mine, and that I was then bringing assistance to remove it, does appear to me to be a procedure fraught with doubt. I can only believe that your lordship did so to obtain possession of the box."

"Why! what do you suppose I wanted with the box?" uttered Lord Dane.

"I am unable to say."

"You are smarting under this loss, young sir—which I confess is a vexatious one—and therefore I excuse your language," equably returned Lord Dane. "I will even condescend to point out how totally absurd your suspicions are. That the things were all brought to this room I have testified to you; my servant has done the same, and you can also question the miller's men. Now, this room is some distance removed from any other room in the castle, and I ask you how it would be possible for me to carry a heavy box, which most likely I could not even lift through the passages to them? You may be capable of deeming that my servants helped me, or carried it by my orders: but I give you hearty leave to question them all. No, Mr. Lydney; I will swear to you that not a thing went out at this room door again after it was brought in at it: I locked the door upon the things immediately, and handed the key to Bruff. Since then it lies with him."

Bruff looked up deprecatingly, but did not again defend himself. That there was point in what Lord Dane advanced Mr. Lydney could but acknowledge, and perhaps he began to doubt whether his suspicions were correct. He returned with Lord Dane to the reception room, for he had left his gloves there, and then took his leave. Standing at another door, as he passed through the corridor, was Miss Dane, apparently calling to her little pet dog; in point of fact, watching for the departure of the handsome stranger. Her ringlets were more elaborate, now they were arranged for dinner, and were ornamented with sundry bows of sky-blue ribbon; her white dress, made after a girlish fashion, was also decorated with blue. She gave a little start, as of surprise, when Mr. Lydney approached, and put down her arms like a timid child.

"You here again! how nice! Oh—I hope you have found your box."

"It cannot be found," was the answer. "It appears to have vanished in some unaccountable manner from Lord Dane's strong room."

"Vanished as the ghosts do," simpered the lady.

"Not exactly. The days of ghosts are over, Miss Dane."

He quitted her to depart. As she watched his receding figure, Lord Dane came up whistling, his hands in his pockets.

"What are you looking after, Cecilia?"

"That handsome young man," avowed Miss Dane. "I never saw one so good looking before."

"H—m," returned Lord Dane in a tone of dissent. "Not a bad figure, though."

"Geoffry, who does he put you in mind of?"

"Not any one," answered Lord Dane, resuming his whistling.

"Ah! you never can see likenesses as I do. He is exceedingly like old Lady Dane."

Lord Dane stared at his sister, and then laughed slightingly. "You take queer fancies in your head, Cecilia. That man is no more like Lady Dane than he is like you or me. I should be sorry if he were."

"Why?"

"Because a suspicion is drawing over my mind that he is not what he assumes to be, that he is not a good character: an adventurer, in short, who is bent on nefarious purposes."

Miss Dane gave vent to a scream of genuine mortification. If her brother said so she feared it must be the fact, for she knew how clear-sighted Lord Dane was.

Bruff, meanwhile, was showing out the same—gentleman, or adventurer, or whatever he might be. They stood for an instant to converse beyond the gate.

"I hope, sir, you will not attribute this loss to any fault or carelessness of mine," spoke Bruff.

"No, I do not," was the ready answer. "But—you must admit that it is strange in the extreme."

"I can't make it out in any way, sir; turn it about as I will there's no opening for a probability to creep in at."

"Lord Dane delivered the key to you immediately?"

"That he did, sir. When the men had carried in the things I went to the door with them, and saw them drive off with the empty cart. Then I turned back along the passage to the room, and there stood my lord waiting for me. He locked the door fast in my sight, gave me the key, and ordered me to keep it locked, and to allow nobody to enter. Then he went out, and returned but just now. Now, sir, even allowing that my lord had an inclination to remove that box elsewhere—as you seemed to suspect—he could not by any possibility have had the time, either to do it himself, or to get it done: and my own moral persuasion is that the box never did come into the castle. Hallos! you young eaves'-dropper! what do you do here?"

The latter words were addressed to Mr. Shad, who was standing in close proximity. Mr. Lydney turned hastily, and thought he had never seen so strange looking a boy. The butler pointed his finger in authoritative warning, and the lad shuffled off.

"Had the box been of light weight I might have thought that young reptile had pilfered it from the cart," observed Bruff to Mr. Lydney. "He must have stolen after when the cart came up here from the beach, for I saw him hovering close by when the men were taking the things from it. A box of that weight, of course, he could not take."

Mr. Lydney strode away, overtook Shad, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. "What is your name?" asked he.

"Please, sir, it's Shad."

"Shad—what?"

"I doesn't know."

"The drivers recovered some things this morning from the wreck, and a cart took them up to Dane castle. You followed, I believe, Mr. Shad. Did you see the cart unloaded?"

"I didn't finger nothing," was the response of the boy.

"That is not what I ask you. Can you speak truth?" proceeded Mr. Lydney, doubting whether much truth could come from a mortal, possessing a countenance like the one he gazed on.

Shad only grinned.

"You see this sixpence," said Mr. Lydney, taking one from his pocket. "I am going to ask you a question or two; answer me with strict truth, and it shall be yours. Equivocate only by a word, and, instead of the sixpence, you shall get something not so pleasant."

"I know what you'd ask me," burst forth the boy, forgetting his usual *rôle* of 'simpleton,' in the eager fascination the sixpence bore for him, "it's about your lost box, that a row's being made over, him with the three letters on it. I see it took in to the castle."

"You did?"

"I see it with these two eyes o'mine," avowed Shad, lifting his sly orbs, sparkling now, to the face of Mr. Lydney. "It was a'most the last thing left in the cart; the two millers carried of it in, and Mr. Bruff went a'ter 'em up the passage."

"Where was Lord Dane then?"

"I didn't see him. I think he was agone into the castle afore."

"You saw the cart drive away, no doubt; was it quite empty?"

"Yes; there 'warn't nothing left in her. Master, I'm telled the truth, and now please for the sixpence."

"Should I find later that you have not told the truth, it shall go hard with you," said Mr. Lydney, dropping the sixpence into his hand. "But if you could only learn, Shad, how much easier it is to speak truth than the contrary, what a vast amount of trouble it saves, you would never say another false word again."

Shad's only reply was to amble off, his arms flinging themselves about in wild delight at the possession of the sixpence.

It was somewhere about this hour, or a little later, for the shades of night were gathering on the earth, that Miss Lester and her brother were walking through the wood path, already mentioned. Once more Maria had transgressed home orders, and had been to see Edith, for the accounts she heard of her state of health grew more dark day by day. The visit paid, she was now returning home, Wilfred escorting her through the wood. In more open parts, Maria would scarcely have dared to be seen with him, fearing it might get reported at home, and that unpleasantness would be the consequence. They had walked at first in silence, but Maria's thoughts were gradually winding themselves up to a pitch of excitement, and she suddenly broke it, clasping her hands as she turned to her brother.

"Oh, Wilfred! is there nothing that you can do. Try anything. Look out for a situation; no matter what, so that you can but earn a trifle. Throw pride to the winds."

"Pride! Gad, I don't think much of that stops by me, Maria," was his reply. "What would you suggest that I should do? I know of nothing. I cannot go and open a general shop in Danesheld, wanting funds; I cannot engage myself as keeper to Lord Dane; I don't suppose I should get hired if I offered myself as footman to my father, to replace the one I hear is leaving."

"How can you thus turn what I say into ridicule? and Edith in the state she is!" rejoined Maria, with displeasure in her voice, but tears in her eyes.

"Not ridicule, Maria," he quietly replied. "These subordinate situations being closed to me, are a proof how much more closed better ones would be. It was in that light I spoke."

"But you are wrong, you draw a wrong deduction," she argued. "These mean sort of situations for making money, are of course closed to you; but there are others, suitable to a gentleman."

"I don't know how a gentleman, entirely devoid of means, could put himself in the way of obtaining such. Maria, it is of no use to finesse longer, and to play at pride and propriety—you see these clothes?" pointing to the velveteen suit he wore. "They are all I possess."

"Where are your others?" she uttered, breathlessly; "your better suits?"

"Pledged. Pledged for food. I may have to put in this coat also, for some pressing necessity, and to go about, astonishing Danesheld, in shirt-sleeves. It is not very likely that *I* could take any situation appropriate to a gentleman."

The crimson had flushed into Maria's face; it seemed that she was at a loss for words. They were drawing near to the wood, and Wilfred stopped.

"I shall not go any further, Maria. But, before we part, I wish you would tell me whether there's truth, or not, in a report I have heard. Rumor runs that you are to marry Lord Dane."

Maria turned away her head, and remained silent.

"I see," said Wilfred, "*it is so.* Think well what you are about, *Maria*; remember he was once the choice lover of Lady Adelaide; and she his. That is, if tradition tells true."

"Do not allow youself to repeat such stories," remonstrated Maria; "Lady Adelaide is papa's wife. And disabuse your mind upon another point, Wilfred; I do not wish to marry Lord Dane."

"Oh! Is the wish, the liking, all on his side?"

"It is not on mine. I do not dislike Lord Dane, but I shall never like him well enough to marry him. There is only one thing—"

At this moment an interruption occurred. It had pleased Mr. Lydney, buried in deep thought, to take a circuitous path from the castle to the Sailor's Rest, which path led him through the wood. He had scarcely entered it, when his eye caught sight of young Mr. Shad, twined, something like a snake, round the thin trunk of a tree, and evidently in the act of listening. At the same moment, his ear caught the sound of voices. He went gently forward, laid his grasp upon the gentleman, and drew him out before the astonished gaze of Wilfred and Miss Lester.

Young Shad wined out,

"What had he done? It was hard a poor little fellow couldn't be watching a ant's nest, but he must be pounced upon and took up, as if he was a bird or a rabbit."

"I hope you were saying nothing that all the world may not hear," said Mr. Lydney, addressing them, "for this boy was certainly listening."

"No I wasn't," sniffed Shad, trying to squeeze out a tear, "I never heard nothing. I was a looking at the ant's nest."

"You young dog, you'll come in for my stick one of these days," cried Wilfred Lester, shaking his cane menacingly at him, "you are always up to your tricks. I don't believe there's an ant's nest there. No, there is not," he added, going to the spot, and examining. "Now, what do you deserve?"

"I never said as there was," wailed the incorrigible Shad, "I said as I was a looking for him. Granny al'ays tells me to look out for the ants' nests."

Finding himself at liberty, he scampered away at the utmost speed of his legs; but only to double back again when he was beyond sight and hearing. Dodging stealthily amidst the thick trees, he got as near to the spot as he dared, his ears all awake. Finding himself balked, for by that time the three were dispersing, he solaced his inquisitive mind by dodging the further movements of Mr. Wilfred Lester.

"As shrewd a young spirit as ever crossed my path, that Master Shad," exclaimed Mr. Lydney. "One to be guarded against, unless I am mistaken. Who is he? He told me he did not know his name."

"I don't think he does know it, or anybody else in this neighborhood, except the old woman he calls Granny," replied Mr. Wilfred Lester. "Shad's parentage remains amidst the things untold. He is a sly young imp of mischief."

"He has an evil physiognomy, and a cunning one," returned Mr. Lydney. "Bad qualities, both; doubly bad when they go together."

"The gossips are engrossed with the tale of the loss of your property, the box brought to light by the divers," resumed Wilfred. "Is it found?"

"No. It is the most extraordinary, the most unaccountable—however, I will say no more till I call in the aid of the police," Mr. Lydney broke off. "Is Lord Dane a man of veracity?" he added, abruptly.

"I know nothing to the contrary," replied Wilfred Lester. "I cannot say that he is a favorite of mine; we all have our likes and dislikes; but—a man of veracity? Yes, I should deem him to be that. But I must leave you, for I have an appointment, and shall be late for it. Good night, Lydney, just see my sister the few steps to the end of the wood."

He sped off unceremoniously, and Mr. Lydney turned to walk by the side of Miss Lester.

"Were the contents of this lost box of very much consequence?" she inquired.

"Of the very utmost consequence," he answered. "Strictly speaking, neither the box nor the contents belonged to me, but they were in my charge; and I would rather give every shilling I possess in the world than lose them."

"Are you going to make a long stay in Danesheld?"

"I cannot tell how long it will be. Hitherto I have been hoping for the box, which this morning brought up. Now it is gone again, and I am no more forward than before."

"Its disappearance certainly appears to savor of the marvellous," observed Maria. "But, rely upon it, it never was placed in the death-room."

"In the what room?" echoed Mr. Lydney. Maria smiled at his surprise.

"They call it the strong room now; but until the return of Lord Dane from abroad, it was known as the death-room, being the apartment where the Danes, after death, lie in state. Except in Lord Dane's presence, most people call it the death-room still."

"I fancy—now you speak of it—that Lord Dane's butler called it the death-room to-day; but it nearly escaped my notice," observed Mr. Lydney.

He conducted Maria to the door of the hall, and then wished her good evening. From some cause they had dined earlier than usual that day, and Maria supposed that tea would be waiting. It was not, however; and she proceeded to the study of her father, where he sat alone. Mr. Lester was reading a newspaper; Maria waited till he looked up.

"Papa," she said, untying her bonnet-strings, "there has been an understood embargo, more implied than expressed to me, that I should not go to Wilfred's house."

"Of course," replied Mr. Lester. "It could not be permitted.

"I have come to tell you that I have transgressed it, and have been there. Twice. The first time my going was, if I may so express it, involuntary; the second, this evening, I *went in deliberation. It would not be right if I kept it from you, papa.*"

"And what took you there?" angrily demanded Mr. Lester, after surveying Maria for some moments in silence.

"I went to see Edith. Papa, I think she is dying."

Mr. Lester made no reply; only let fall the glasses that rested across his nose. Their gold chain went down with a chink.

"And she is dying of hunger," Maria continued, catching up her breath with a sobbing sigh. "Dying of hunger, papa."

"Don't talk absurdly," reproved Mr. Lester.

"Papa, it is so. She cannot eat the coarse food they can alone procure, and she is sinking for want of the delicacies necessary for her condition. Miss Bordillion has helped them till she has little left for herself. Oh, papa, my heart feels as if it would burst."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"I could not be disobedient without telling you. Dear papa, will you not assist them? Just a little, to get Edith a few things until she is stronger."

"I will not," affirmed Mr. Lester, in a deliberate tone. "Your brother and his wife have brought this upon themselves, and they must abide by it. You cannot go near them again."

"Papa, I pray you do not impose that command upon me," she implored in agitation. "I am not sure—dear papa, pardon my saying so—but I am not sure that I could strictly obey it. He is my brother; he is deserted of all. I fear it may be my duty to stand by him, even though you bade me not. Do not bar all intercourse; I will promise very rarely to go; never, unless occasion should seem to require; and if you like, when that shall happen, I will tell you that I have been. Our mother is dead; you have other ties; but Wilfred and I are alone."

No reply made Mr. Lester. Maria waited, but none came; and she turned and quitted the room with a slow step.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMOVAL.

The office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to No. 319 Walnut street, between Third and Fourth streets—about a square from its former location.

OUR NEW DRESS.—We come out this week in a new suit of type, which we think adds to the beauty of our appearance considerably. In these days of small, sight-destroying type, we think our readers will rejoice over the bold, clear letter which we present to their view this week. Even the old people can read THE POST now, we trust.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

Commenting upon the recent appalling accident on Lake Michigan, the *Churchman*—a "religious" journal—surprises us with the following remarks:—

"Among the persons drowned was Mr. Herbert Ingram, M. P., for Boston, Lincolnshire, but better known as proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Ingram was a *novus homo*, having raised himself to a high position by his own talents and energy. He was the original introducer of 'Parr's Life Pills,' and made a great deal of money on that speculation. Some years ago, he purchased Swineshead Abbey, near Boston, where, readers will recollect, King John is supposed to have been poisoned after the destruction of his army in crossing the Wash. It is a wonderful coincidence that Mr. Ingram, the proprietor of property once belonging to the Church, which was guarded by the most solemn invocations against being put to secular uses, should have met with a violent death. Events are constantly forcing the truth upon the minds of all of us that sacrilege must carry a curse with it. Where are the family of Sir Walter Scott and of Lord Byron; let Abbotsford and Newstead answer. Where is Ingram? Let Swineshead answer."

Commenting upon the above, the *Chronicle*—another "religious" paper—says:—

All this would be sufficiently ludicrous if it were not positive presumption and impiety. Why Mr. Herbert Ingram should be singled out as the special object of Divine vengeance for no other reason than that he was a "*novus homo*," and "raised himself to a high position by his own talents and energy," and purchased and paid for an old deserted Abbey, we are not informed. The *Churchman* appeals to "Swineshead." We fear the old Abbey hasn't a word to say on the subject.

The truth is that this whole thing of interpreting every casualty and passing event, as a "special Providence," in any such sense as is here intimated, is insufferably presumptious and absurb. We believe that God rules in all the affairs of life, in the least as well as the greatest; but we are very far from supposing that He drowned Mr. Herbert Ingram, merely to stop the trade in English ruins, or to furnish our contemporary with an absurd paragraph.

We think the *Chronicle's* rebuke of the *Churchman* is in accordance with the sentiments of nine-tenths of the church to which the *Churchman* belongs. We confess we are surprised to see such sentiments as those uttered by the *Churchman*, in the columns of any American paper. The editor of that sheet should learn to say with the poet:—

> "Let not this weak, unknowing hand
> Presume thy bolts to throw,
> And deal damnation round the land
> On each I judge thy foe."

It is one thing to believe, as a general truth, in special providences, and another thing to suppose that we are competent to decide what is a special providence in the lives of our fellow men—and what is intended as a reward, and what as a punishment. Sudden death, to a good man, prepared to die, may be a blessing, not a curse. One man is swallowed up by the waves—another dies suddenly in a prayer meeting—another, a preacher, is struck dead by lightning in his pulpit—these may, or may not be special providences—what mortal knows? And, even if special providences, who can tell whether they are rewards or punishments?—none save the All-knowing.

Even when an affliction comes upon a man, which affliction would seem to the minds of his fellow-men almost proof positive either of the displeasure of the Almighty, or that he had been guilty of some violation of natural laws, who knows with any degree of certainty anything about it? It is curious to see by the Book of Job, how early this question engaged the attention of thoughtful men, and how little we can add at this day to the conclusions of one of the oldest of the Biblical books upon it. For his great afflictions had not come upon Job because he deserved them—as his friends plausibly argued. Job was right. It is told us,

☞ Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by frank good humor. If indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.

☞ The loss of goods and money is oftentimes no loss; if you had not lost them, they might perhaps have lost you.

☞ "I feel rather unwell, my dear, and my tongue is *furred*—can it be those sausages I had for supper?" said an ailing gentleman to his spouse at breakfast. "O, I dare say it is pa!" cried a precocious urchin, "for I've heard that they make cats into sausages."

in avowing his perfect integrity,—"That man *was* perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil." His only fault was in not bearing patiently and submissively the heavy burdens that were imposed upon him—and in thus presuming to be wiser than the great Author and Disposer of events. But the main rebuke was for the friends of Job, who had presumed to interpret the decrees of the Almighty, and, interpreting them without charity, had interpreted them falsely, and "not spoken the thing that was right."

So also the question came up again—as doubtless it always was coming up freshly for fresh settlement—in the time of the Saviour. As Jesus passed by a man who was "blind from his birth," his disciples asked him,

"*Who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?*"

The question seems a little curious—if there is no error in the translation—for if the man was "*born* blind," there would seem to have been little need of asking whether the blindness was a result of his own sinning. But the answer was in conformity with the answer in Job:—

"*Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.*"

Therefore, in all cases of personal injury or other afflictions, we are happily left without the knowledge whether it is a special providence or not, and whether it is a punishment, or, in reality, a merciful dispensation. The families of Scott and Byron are "cursed," according to our uncharitable "Churchman"—how is it then with the family of Washington? Children are a reward of God to the upright, according to the Scripture—but Washington died childless. What wild work we should make if we went through history, past and present, and attempted to distribute blessings or curses according to our own narrow conceptions of the providences of God. Ah, truly did the Apostle say, that when all else faileth, one thing, and that is CHARITY, does not fail. Tongues may cease; knowledge may vanish away; faith may become puffed up—but Charity, which "hopeth all things," and "thinketh no evil," still shall remain as a sure anchor to the soul, and save it from the rocks of Unbelief on the one hand, and the whirlpool of Bigotry on the other.

THE PRINCE AT DETROIT.—The telegraphic account of the reception of the Prince of Wales at Detroit, on the 21st, says:—

Just before 10 o'clock he made his appearance, with two of his suite, accompanied by Major Buhl, intending to drive through the city before proceeding to the cars. A magnificent open barouche, drawn by four white horses, had been provided for the purpose, in which the party seated themselves. The crowd gathered about the carriage and blocked up the avenues, making it almost impossible for the carriage to proceed. Cheer upon cheer was given, and great enthusiasm was evinced. *The carriage was followed by immense crowds on foot, many even hanging to the vehicle, while the street and sidewalks were literally blocked up with people, who intercepted the royal party at every turn. Such a rabble and scene of confusion* [illegible] *never witnessed here before.*

There seems to be a lot of people in these Northern States, who can make bigger fools of themselves on less provocation, than any other lot of people in the world. Give them a Kossuth, a copper-colored Japanese, a wild Indian, a travelling menagerie, "distinguished pugilist," or opera singer, or a Prince of Wales—it makes little difference which—and they will prove the truth of our assertion. A pity it is that the whole country has to bear the disgrace which should be borne only by a few.

A GREAT CRICKET VICTORY.—The cricket match between the eleven best English players residing in the United States, and the best American eleven—principally from Germantown—resulted in a victory for the American players, with two wickets to go down. Heretofore, the superior excellence of the English players (several of whom are professionals) has been deemed so undeniable, that the Americans played eighteen to the English eleven. This was the first even match—and "our side" was victorious. This proves the great advance that is being made in the game by our native players. President Buchanan is expected to allude to this triumph in his next message. The following were the scorings:—

English. First Innings: runs 40, *byes* 10, *no balls and wides* 8, *total* 64. *Second Innings: runs* 30, *byes* 3, *wides* 4, *total* 37, *grand total* 101.

Americans. First Innings: runs 38, *byes* 1, *wides* 3, *total* 42. *Second Innings: runs* 45, *byes* 5, *wides* 10, *total* 60, *grand total* 102.

THE MODE IN OLD TIMES.—The following extract from an old London newspaper, will show how they announced marriages in the "good old times:"—

"William Mount, Esq., of Tower Hill, to Miss Betty Girdle, a very agreeable and deserving young lady." "Mr. Christopher Puler, an eminent merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Noyes, a lady of beauty, and £6,000 besides." "Mr. Thomas Cotton, an eminent merchant in Tower street, London, to Miss Maria Theresa Parcell, a young lady possessed of every accomplishment capable to make the marriage state happy, with a fortune of £12,000."

They were plainer spoken, in many respects, in those old times, than now. The poet Cowper, it is said, read "Tom Jones" aloud to his lady friends—a work that few ladies now-a-days would like to have seen on their tables. We think the world is really more refined than it was then—and that the change is not only, as some have supposed, on the surface.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—A correspondent wishes to know "whether the English Government, or any other European power, has ever offered, and continues the offer of £10,000, or any other sum, to any person who shall discover, and prove that he has done so, the Quadrature of the Circle?"

Who can answer this question? We *think* such a reward was, and is now offered, by the British Government.

A GOOD WIFE FOR A FARMER.—At Vaugeray, on the Rhone, a young woman, aged 19, took the prize, recently, at a ploughing match, with oxen. She supports her widowed mother on the farm.

Not necessarily, we think, "a good wife for a farmer." Some farmers may judge of the best qualities for a wife, from other than the plough point of view. They may look for refinement, general intelligence, and various womanly graces, quite as much as for ability to take their places, in an emergency, at the plough handles.

A FORGERY.—We call attention to an article in our general news columns, whose statements leave scarcely a doubt that the recent letter attributed to Mrs. Gurney is a forgery. If it be such—and there now can scarcely be any doubt about it—it is a shameful piece of business. It is difficult to perceive any motive for such an act, which would tempt any person of the necessary literary ability to its perpetration.

BAD WHISKEY.—A man who was recently bitten by a rattlesnake in Kentucky, made himself drunk with whiskey, but failed to save his life. With such whiskey as is about nowadays, we should not wonder if the remedy of whiskey drinking only increased the chances of a fatal termination. For if the snake did not kill, the whiskey would.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA; A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume X. From Jer. to Mac. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by J. McFarlan, Philadelphia.

THE GREATNESS AND DECLINE OF CESAR BIROTTEAU. From the French of Honore De Balzac. Translated by O. W. WIGHT and F. B. GOODRICH. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

POEMS by HENRY LYNDEN FLAGG. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE PERCY FAMILY. Paris to Amsterdam. By DANIEL C. EDDY. Published by Andrew F. Graves, Boston.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SINGING BOOK. By Prof. JOHN BOWER, Teacher of Music in the Public Schools of Philadelphia. Published by Leary, Getz, & Co., Philadelphia.

POEMS, by GEORGE P. MORRIS; with a Memoir of the Author. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

LINES TO MRS. HELEN S. CHERRY.

"My boy was beautiful; and he is dead!
Ask me no more; for I would be alone—
Alone to weep."

Long flowed that mourner's tears;
And then beside the Bible, she knelt down,
Laying her cheek upon its hallowed page,
And said—"God comfort me."
And as she closed
The fervent prayer, methought a still small voice
Bade the swoln surges of her soul be still;
That He who walked upon Tiberias' lake,
Ruling the midnight storm, might thither come,
And save from shipwreck.
Then with a pang subdued,
Memory went wandering to the loved one's grave,
Marking in every bud that blossomed there—
In every joyous butterfly, that spread
Its radiant wing amid the flowers—a type
Of glorious resurrection. Every drop
Of dew that sparkled on that turf-clad mound,
Was holy to her. Even the bitter grief
That made the parting hour so desolate,
Put on the robe of humble faith, and said
"'Tis well, my Lord—well with the *little one*
Who dwells with Thee."
And then methought she heard
Sweet sounds of heavenly harpings—and behold
Celestial gleamings of cherubic wings,
And 'mid the chaunt of ransomed infancy
Unto its Saviour, caught the tuneful voice
Of her own cherished nursling;
So her lip
Joined in the praise. For how could she forbear
To thank her God for him, who ne'er should taste
Of trouble more.
Was it the tender tone
Of him so often cradled on her breast,
That whispered, as she lay that night in dreams,
"Oh, Mother, weep no more—but with a heart
Of holy love, hold on your shining path
And come to me. For He who took on earth
Young children to his arms, will bid in Heaven
The Mother find her babe. So keep thine eye
Clear from the grief cloud—for the time is short—
The way is plain—dear Mother, come to me."

Painted Post, Aug. 30, 1860.

☞ TRUE RELIGION.—It consists not in a nice orthodoxy, but in a sincere love of truth; in a hearty approbation of, and compliance with, the doctrines fundamentally good; not in vain flourishes of outward performance, but in an inward good complexion of mind; not in a furious zeal for or against trivial circumstances, but in a conscientious practising the substantial parts of religion.

☞ Some women are excessively fond of teasing those whom they love. It is generally the very impassioned in temperament, or the very cold, who do so. The latter, where love is comparatively languid, may do it almost constantly; the former, just in the intervals where the pulse of love rather intermits; and in this case it seems only to be a part or form of the general craving for excitement of some kind or other.

☞ Is the King of Japan a colored gentleman? Distinctly; who has not seen his escutcheon in the store windows, and his title—*Warranted* Japan black king.

☞ A chap who went to California poor, and subsequently became very rich, is now so extravagant that he skates on ice-cream.

☞ It was said in the olden time that the body was more than raiment; but now the raiment is often a great deal more than the body in value, and full five times as much in circumference.

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

NUMBER FIVE.

MILAN, August 31, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The Lake of Lucerne, or, as it is called by the Swiss, the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, enjoys the reputation of being the most beautiful of European lakes; and for the magnificence of its scenery, as well as for the unrivalled hue of its pellucid waters, probably merits this eulogium. The lake is in the form of a cross, each portion of which takes its name from the Canton in which it lies. Mountains of the utmost sublimity, steep, bold, rugged, yet graceful in outline, hem it in, and are reflected in its limpid bosom, the shores rising in many places too perpendicularly out of the water to admit of any road or even path along its margin. In the distance, the views are for the most part closed in by a distant line of snowy peaks. The water of this glorious lake is most peculiar, almost as transparent as air, and of the most exquisite color; a delicate bluish-green, unlike the hue of any other lake, with a particular gift of breaking into little shining, beadlike drops that sparkle on its surface like so many diamonds. As to the shores, they are so varied and so splendidly beautiful that any attempt at description would be idle. All that Nature can do with rocks, crags, mountain-peaks, water-falls, black fir-forests, and rich groves of lighter foliage, she has done here; and most felicitous must be the fancy that could imagine to itself anything more delightful than a row on this lovely Alpine sea, on a sunny summer-day, in one of the queer flat-bottomed boats, with their white awnings shaped like the top of a market-wagon, on whose gay cushions you sit, or lie, admiring the loveliness of the scene about you, or its equally lovely reflection in the transparent element on which you are floating, propelled by the long, even strokes of the pair of rowers who own the boat, and who, having had the honor of taking you out on your first excursion on the lake, consider you as their lawful prey during the remainder of your stay. These rowers are generally husband and wife, or brother and sister; are pretty well up in the sights and legends of the locality, and are so excessively glad to be employed that you would be tempted to stay out all day upon the water, were it only from a benevolent desire to put something more into their poor hungry pockets. The man usually wears a slouched straw hat in a very "ripe" condition, nondescript trowsers, and no coat; the woman is hatless, with frowsy hair, lank gown, and *goitre*, to which hideous disease the fairer sex seems more subject than the other. Both are anxious to make as much as possible out of you, but are very zealous and obliging, and ready to do everything in their power to please their employers. They invariably stand up when they row, working the oars in an outlandish, backhanded fashion that strikes a stranger as being equally odd and inconvenient, though they manage to get over the ground in very good style.

The town of Lucerne is the metropolis of the lake-region; a quaint, funny old place, in its old quarter, and very gay, modern, and stirring in the new part, bordering on the lake, with a superb view of the watery expanse overhung by Mount Pilatus and the Rigi, and capped by the shining line of the snowy peaks of the Bernese Highlands. The town is built on either side of the rapid Reuss, a broad, fine stream, that runs like a mill-race, and is crossed by numerous queerly-built covered bridges, all of wood, and two of them hung with paintings, which seem to form the favorite promenades of the place. In the Millbridge are the "Dance of Death," now nearly faded out; in the Reussbrocke are 77 pictures, painted on both sides, and hung up in the rafters of the roof, one series representing the lives of the two patron saints of Lucerne, the other series giving events in Swiss history. A very picturesque watch-tower, a relic of the feudal fortifications of the town, rises out of the water and forms the centre of another of the bridges. Mural painting is so much in vogue here, that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that one half of the houses are thus ornamented. These paintings, however, are for the most part wretched daubs; generally Scriptural subjects, and conspicuous for the *naivete* of their conception, the rudeness of their execution and the ravages of time and weather.

I never saw a community so short of small change as was Lucerne when we visited it. The smaller coins are inconveniently scarce all over Switzerland; but in Lucerne they really were not to be had. Some of our party having entered a shop and made some small purchases, tendered a gold piece in payment; the shopman declared that it was impossible for him to find change, and his wife, from an inner room, sending forth a shrill command to her better half "not to give up the little change there was in the till," the would-be buyers were actually obliged to leave the things selected, as they had nothing but gold, and the shopkeeper resolutely refused to give change! In fact, the trouble we had to get gold changed there, the useless endeavors we made among shopkeepers, at the post-office, &c., to convert a Napoleon into its fractions, and the faces made by our innkeeper when, *de guerre lasse*, we stated our embarrassment to that individual, and resolutely insisted on his helping us out of it, would furnish matter for a three-act comedy, in prose or verse. The Swiss coinage consists of francs and centimes, like the French, from which it is copied, and which is taken as readily here as in France; but the fractions of the franc are different from the French, and are the prettiest and most convenient small coins in the world. These fractions consist of pieces of 5, 10, and 20 centimes, and are composed of a mixture of copper and silver, which allows of their being vastly smaller than the French of the same intrinsic worth. The little copper centimes, and double centimes, are also exceedingly pretty; but the triumph of ingenuity and convenience is the series of silver and copper just mentioned, which are so neat, light and in every way agreeable as to make them models from which every other country would do well to take a hint. As to the cumbrous English and Italian pennies, they are simply barbarous and disgusting in comparison with the pretty, neat, and portable little coins of Switzerland.

Many lovely points on the different portions of this lake dispute the attention of tourists, each offering especial facilities for a distinct set of excursions. Steamers ply daily up and down the whole extent of the lake, conveying travellers, at small cost, to the various favorite localities. The most magnificent portion of the lake is unquestionably the Bay of Uri, whose stupendous shores are also the "classic land" of Switzerland, the scene of the noble deeds of William Tell, and his associate heroes. Whatever hypercritics may pretend to the contrary, there seems to be no valid reason for doubting the authenticity of the sayings and doings attributed to the popular Liberator; the Swiss, to a man, believe every word that has come down to these days in relation to him, and are both grieved and hurt if any visitor expresses the slightest doubt on the subject. At Altdorf—where two fountains mark the spot where Tell stood when directing "the hesitating shaft" at the apple on his child's head, and that where the child stood, quietly smiling, when the arrow clove this same historic fruit—Haller's book, calling in question the very existence of the national hero, was publicly burnt, by order of the authorities, by the common hangman. The little quaint chapel, at the edge of the water, built on the spot where Tell leapt ashore in the stormy twilight, after speeding the avenging arrow to the heart of the false and haughty Gessler, is visited yearly by thousands of tourists, and is held in great veneration by the people. It consists of only three walls, and a roof sloping up to a point—curving, and long drawn out, as are the church roofs of this region—the front being open to the lake. The walls are rudely painted, inside and out, in fresco, nearly washed out by the rain and damp. Nearly opposite the lonely little chapel is the hut of Grutli, built over the three miraculous springs, which tradition declares to have issued from the earth at the exact spot on which the fathers of Swiss independence, Arnold, Furst, and Stauffacher, with thirty men of the neighboring cantons of Unterwalden, Uri, and Schwytz, swore on the night of November 8, 1307, "to free their country from the yoke of the Austrians, *without retaliating their injuries*;" a magnanimous resolve which was fully carried out by them and their fellow countrymen; the rising, which took place on the 1st of January, 1308, being so general, and so admirably concerted, that all the Austrian forts were simultaneously seized and dismantled, and their possessors were expelled the country without the shedding of one drop of blood.

Well may Switzerland be proud of a revolution so nobly and so humanely accomplished; and well may she cherish, as her proudest and most precious privilege, a freedom based on so pure, and so magnanimous a foundation!"

At Brunnen, where our party established itself in the pleasant boarding-house of the "Golden Eagle" [illegible] edge of the lake, in front of the entrance of the magnificent Bay of Uri—we were all greatly struck with the extremely gentlemanly bearing of our host, M. Xavier Aufdermauer, whose manner, at once genial and dignified, was so curiously different from that of an ordinary tavern-keeper, that our curiosity was not a little excited upon the subject. Not that M. Aufdermauer made the slightest pretensions to be anything beyond the occupant of the post he filled; at dinner he always assisted the waiters, bringing in dishes, handing plates, and performing all the usual offices of service to his boarders. But all this was done with so much simple dignity, and with an air and manner so indicative of a thoroughly well-bred man of the world, that he seemed much less like an innkeeper waiting on customers, than a gentleman doing hospitality to his guests in some primitive fashion of his own. His sister, too, who shares with her brother the labors and responsibilities of the establishment, was also exceedingly, and so evidently, and so genuinely a lady, in the best sense of that somewhat ill-used word, that passing travellers, of whom a great number usually made their appearance at dinner, resuming their route immediately afterwards, would often look puzzled as she came to them with fresh dishes, or clean plates, and would involuntarily acknowledge her good offices with a bow. The little mystery, however, was easily explained. These people, of one of the oldest historic families of Switzerland, but poor as are the great majority of the Swiss, opened this house, several years ago, with a view to repairing their shattered finances by taking advantage of the influx of tourists during the three months of the Swiss summer; and while their house is thus open to the public, devote themselves untiringly to the comfort and service of their guests. When the "season" is over they shut up the greater portion of their establishment, and relapse into the quiet and privacy of domestic life, receiving their friends from every part of Switzerland, and making visits in return to friends at a distance. M. Aufdermauer is moreover a political personage of considerable importance, not only having occupied several public posts of subordinate dignity, but having been for several years President of his Canton (Schwytz)—an office which he resigned two years ago, because he found that it interfered with his oversight of his establishment at Brunnen by taking up too much of his time, and compelling him to spend too much time at the seat of government and at Berne. When the ex-President shall have sufficiently replenished the family exchequer he will probably return to the honors and responsibilities of public life. At present all tourists who may hang up their wallets and carpet-bags under the wing of the "Golden Eagle," will find themselves most kindly and agreeably quartered under the auspices of the most intelligent and upright of hosts and hostesses.

At the "Golden Eagle" we also found one whose name is a "household word" in thousands of homes on both sides of the Atlantic, Hans Christian Andersen, beloved of children, for whom he has written so many exquisite stories. M. Andersen looks to be about fifty years of age; is very tall, fair, rather thin, of very simple, gentlemanly bearing, with a long, placid, benevolent face, that seems to be always on the point of breaking into a smile, large white teeth, clear, blue, child-like eyes, light hair, and an entire absence of beard and whisker. He spends his summers—in long frock coat, lavender kid gloves, and his unseparable umbrella under his arm—in wandering leisurely through the loveliest portions of Switzerland and Italy, visiting old friends, making new ones, and filling his mind with the noblest and loveliest imagery of nature. After which he turns his steps to his northern home, and adds some new tale to the long list of charming creations which have made his name so pleasant a sound to his readers. Though one of the kindliest and most affectionate of human beings, M. Andersen is not only unmarried, but is believed to have never been in love. He is a universal favorite, and his heart has been invaded and taken possession of by such numbers of appreciating and affectionate friends of both sexes, that he seems to have found it impossible to give himself up to any more exclusive sentiment. He is a great admirer of the scenery of Lake Lucerne, and comes every year to the "Golden Eagle," for whose owners he professes great regard.

The sunshine, which had welcomed us on our arrival at Brunnen, speedily gave way to a continuous soaking rain, which spoiled nearly every excursion we attempted, reducing the entire army of tourists almost to despair. Fortunately our ascent of the Rigi was not altogether lost, a partial clearing of the atmosphere allowing us to count, from that famous stand-point, eleven lakes, half as many cantons, and mountain peaks by the score; a magnificent landscape, which well repays the four hours' hard climb to the summit. We were lucky also in our drive through Schwytz, with its handsome houses and primitive shops, the capital of the Canton, overtopped by the two noble rocky peaks of the Mythen, (Mitres, so called from their shape,) under the magnificent rocky ramparts that cleave the sky above the pretty island-studded lake of Lowertz, to the village of Goldau, behind the Rigi, and at the foot of the Rossberg, where the great land slip of September, 1806—when the top of the Rossberg fell down into the valley—has created a scene of wildness and desolation unequalled, in its own way, in any part of the world.

The Rossberg was nearly 6,000 feet high; the upper part of it consisting of a conglomerate, or pudding-stone, composed of rounded masses of rock, cemented together by beds of loam and unctuous clay. The strata of this mountain are tilted up from the lake of Zug—just beyond Lake Lertz and slope down towards Goldau like the roof of a house. The slanting seams becoming filled with water, from a heavy rain of several days' duration, the beds of clay that held the vast top of the mountain together, became reduced to a sort of slimy mud, and one afternoon, about five o'clock, a portion of the top, calculated to have been a league in length, 1,000 feet broad and 100 feet thick, slid bodily down into the valley. New cracks in the mountain had been observed by the peasants an hour or two earlier; cracking noises were heard, and a large rock dropped out of the side of the hill. Presently, a vast fissure was seen, which grew wider and wider every moment; the springs ceased to flow down the side of the mountain, the pines began to reel, birds flew screaming through the air, and the spades of the peasants, working in their fields, and which they had stuck into the ground in amazement and horror, as they paused from their work to note these extraordinary appearances, were seen to move of themselves, as though the earth were pressing against them from above. A few, warned by these omens of coming trouble, made diligent haste from under the mountain, and escaped; all the rest of the people of this populous and smiling valley, to the number of 476, were buried under the falling mass which, the people about Goldau now declare, when once fairly detached, was only four minutes in making its fatal rush down into the valley. One hundred feet deep, and nearly three miles long, was this fearful bed of clay and rock which now covered the bottom of the valley, filling up one-third of the lovely little lake of Loertz, (some four miles long, and five miles distant from the scene of the catastrophe,) whose waters, by the enormous mass of earth and stone which was driven into it, were forced up in a wave, 70 feet high, to the opposite shore, completely covering the largest of its islands, and sweeping away the chapel which stood upon it; the church, and many of the houses of the village of Lauertz being washed away also. Goldau, Bussingen, Rothen, and part of Lauertz, were destroyed by this fearful catastrophe; the pasturages overwhelmed were worth $750,000; 111 houses, 200 chalets and stables were buried under the *debris* of rocks, which of themselves form hills several hundred feet high, all the cattle were of course destroyed; it was a total ruin. The people in the neighboring towns and villages were first startled by loud and grating sounds, like thunder; they looked out in the direction of this unaccountable noise, and saw that the valley was shrouded in a dense cloud of dust; when this cloud cleared away, the face of the country was utterly changed, and nothing was to be seen but a vast extent of mud, full of rocks of every size and shape, filling the valley, in the line of the descent, and forced, by the impetus acquired in their fall, *for several miles* up the opposite side of the valley.

It so happened that, just as this frightful displacement was beginning, a party of eleven tourists, of the most distinguished families of Berne, were just entering Goldau—from which is one of the best paths for ascending the Rigi—on their way to that famous summit, where they intended to sleep, in order to see the sunrise the next morning, as is the usual way of proceeding. Seven of these were about a couple of hundred yards in advance of the other four; one of the latter pointed out to the rest the summit of the Rossberg, (just 4 miles off, in a straight line,) where, as he said, "some strange commotion seemed to be taking place." They halted, and began to examine the strange appearances with the aid of a telescope, and entered into conversation on the subject with some strangers, who were just come up with them, when they suddenly heard a frightful, thunderous noise, a flight of stones, like cannon-balls, traversed the air above their heads, and a cloud of dust enveloped them. When this dust subsided, nothing of Goldau was visible; its church-bell was afterwards found a mile away; but not a sign remained of the village or of its people. Their friends were buried with the village, beneath a hundred feet of rock and rubbish. Of the unfortunate four thus preserved while their friends were overtaken by this fearful death, one lost the wife to whom he had just been married; one lost a son; and a third, two pupils, who were under his care. Not a vestige of the hundreds who perished in those four fatal minutes has ever been discovered, notwithstanding the frequent efforts that were made to find their bodies.

It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the savage desolation of this chaotic scene, even now, after the lapse of more than half a century. Wild plants, and here and there a tiny fir-tree, are beginning to spring up between the huge masses of reddish-gray rock that are piled up, in fantastic heaps, over the surface of the valley, and, as before remarked, to a distance of several miles up the side of the Rigi; in places where mould has begun to accumulate, coarse herbage, and a profusion of wild flowers, are growing up around the stones, and on the larger ones,—almost hills—tufts of weeds wave like feathers. But nothing like turf is to be seen; the torn side of the Rossberg is bare earth still; and equally bare are the rocky masses it has scattered far and wide around its base.

The Church of Goldau, and a few houses, have been re-built; when we visited the former, a jolly-looking priest was busy superintending the placing of a large and rather emphatic painting, representing the mountain as it was before the slip, with all the pastures, chalets, cottages, churches, and gardens, so effectually destroyed. Some artist-visitor had painted this picture, and presented it to the church. It was placed in the middle of the front of the organ-gallery, and underneath was painted, in German text, the Apostolic declaration, certainly a very appropriate motto for such a scene,

"Here have we no continuing city."

Our drive back from this desolate, yet beautiful valley, lying between the two fair lakes, and bounded by noble, forest-clothed mountains, was exceedingly fine. A flood of yellow sunlight bathed every object in a golden glory; the woods glowed like emeralds, the white houses of Schwytz seemed whiter than ever, and the flowers in the gardens gayer, by that intense evening light; the magnificent peaks of the Mythen were steeped in rosy splendor, and the glorious shoulders of the mountains that hemmed us in on every side, with the shining level of the lake of Lucerne, just [illegible] into view, topped by the beautiful outlines of the Fron Alp to our left, and the snowy heights of the Rothstock with its glaciers on the right, presented such a magnificent blending of greens, browns, and purples, melting into such glorious gold towards the sunset, and fading into such vaporous blues and tender grays up the distant valleys elsewhere, that we could understand the raptures into which those who see Switzerland in fine weather so generally fall. We went back to the "Golden Eagle" rejoicing in the hope that fine weather was coming at last; but alas! the rain came back in the course of the night; and the next morning nothing but storm and mist was visible; and having waited in vain for a clearance, we suddenly determined not to remain weather-bound any longer, but to make a bold dash into Italy, in the hope that the skies, on the southern side of the Alps, would be more propitious.

But how we "did" the St. Gothard, how we got to this city, and what adventures we have met with in this classic land of art and fair weather, must be recounted in my next.

QUANTUM.

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR INTELLIGENT MUSICIANS.—May not a bar of very exultant music be called a crow-bar?

In what bank are the eight notes you talk of raising?

Is an air called a "strain" on account of the labor of performing it?

Can you do a good turn in a natural way?

Is not the influence of flats rather depressing in hot weather?

Is there necessarily anything green about a pastoral symphony?

Are agricultural youths partial to the hautboy?

Can a French horn intoxicate?

Could you open a musical entertainment without the key?

MIND YOUR PAUSES.—An old clergyman—more distinguished for his piety than for the elegance of his oratorical delivery—once read aloud from his pulpit a hymn, in which occurs this line:—

"Life's like a shadow, how it flies!"

But, pausing in the middle of the word *shadow*, to take breath, the venerable parson astonished his hearers by what seemed to read—

"Life's like a shad, oh, how it flies!"

☞ At one of the drug stores on Broad street, Boston, they have a large mortar and pestle for a sign. A lady walked into the establishment the other day, and wanted to know how they sold buttermilk. "Buttermilk!" said the proprietor; "we don't keep it, madam." "You don't?" said she; "then why don't you take down your churn?" That drug store has sent on for a large and well-selected assortment of buttermilk, which will be received in a few days.

UNDER THE LILACS.

BY GEORGE STEELE.

I told Amy I loved her—
Who knows where?
Her hand looked tempting and fair;
I stole it—none else would dare—
And kissed it—she did not care—
Under the lilacs.

The moon shone into our lake,
Who knows where?
A lily, fragrant and white,
Burst with a slow delight,
And blossomed into our sight—
Under the lilacs.

A bird sang out of the leaves,
Who knows where?
The roses were burning red—
They must have heard what was said—
Oh, what a flaming they shed!
Under the lilacs.

Her father lives by the shore,
Who knows where?
There's a winding, pebbly walk—
A dawn-colored jasmine walk—
Where we can wander and talk,
Under the lilacs.

I can ride from the town,
Who knows where?
Bless her! I know she will wait,
Her tiny figure elate,
On tip-toe down at the gate—
Under the lilacs.

Sometime we shall have a home,
Who knows where?
Oh, then, how charming 'twill be!
Her bronze brown hair on my knee,
Her eyes looking love on me—
Under the lilacs.

My brothers, dwelling in state,
Who knows where?
Scorn me; one touch of her hand
Is worth twice ten of their land;
I feel both filled and grand
Under the lilacs.

BARON TRENCK AND THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

The loves of Amelia, the sister of Frederick the Great, and Baron Trenck, were of so romantic a nature, it was almost impossible not to have them recalled, in all their vividness, standing there in that very place, which had been the scene of their daily intercourse and most unfortunate loves. The unfortunate Baron appears to have been another example of the vanity of human wishes. While a handsome young officer he attracted the regards and won the affections of Frederick's youngest and most favorite sister, the Princess Amelia, who was not so much distinguished for her beauty as for her exalted rank. Alas! she was also a philosopher, like her royal brother. Her affections, therefore, had full play in the absence of all religious restraint. But Shakspeare has said that love's true course never did run smooth, and this case appears to have been no exception to the rule. The great Frederick decidedly objected to the attentions of the handsome young officer. He at the same time desired to avoid all scandal, and to effect this no time was to be lost. He gave the young lover strong hints to mind and mend his conduct. His hints were thrown away; who that has been young himself can wonder at the young lieutenant's blindness and obstinacy? It is not every day that a beautiful, witty and accomplished princess sacrifices everything for the love of a simple gentleman. And was the favored object to risk nothing in return? The supposed secret interviews continued, but were in fact no secret to the penetrating eye of the all-powerful king. Arrests for pretended military crimes were the next measures adopted to warn the lover and protect the lady in spite of herself. But Trenck was no sooner freed from those restraints than he again flew for consolation to the arms of his illustrious mistress. A longer incarceration was next decreed. From this, however, he made his escape, and fled to a town beyond the Prussian dominions. There, in his indignation at what he styled Frederick's tyranny, he soon forgot what he owed to one who had sacrificed everything that the world holds dear. In his blind anger he irreparably injured his royal mistress—he

"Robbed *her* of that which enriched him not,
And left *her* poor indeed."

He had the audacity to display at a large dinner party the portrait of the Princess Amelia. Frederick could, therefore, no longer pretend ignorance of her conduct, nor cease to desire that she should be properly mated. Nothing but vengeance remained, and the continued imprudence of Trenck soon furnished the monarch with an opportunity which he did not neglect. He was suddenly seized and led off to a dungeon of one of the fortresses, where he suffered that long incarceration, whose dreadful story he has told so pathetically, and which is so familiar to the world. Frederick, after a long incarceration, released him, giving him a suit of mean clothes and some money, strictly enjoining him to leave the Prussian domains forever, and to be silent respecting what had passed. Trenck promised everything that was required of him, and left Prussia. After Frederick's death he obtained permission of the new monarch to make his appearance once more in the Prussian States for the purpose of collecting the wrecks of his paternal fortune. On arriving at Berlin, it may easily be imagined, his first and most eager object was to visit the lady who had been the object of his misfortunes. Alas! what language could describe that interview. It lasted for some hours, and was consecrated to mutual tears.

The past, the present, the future, they reviewed without alleviation to their mutual sorrows! What perplexities, what griefs, were theirs! what a perspective was within sight! Trenck, with his hair turned gray with age; his body curved with the weight of sixty pounds of iron, which for ten years had hung suspended from it; his features changed by grief. This then was the man who, in his youth, was so remarkable for the manly beauty of his person, and whose image she had so faithfully preserved! He, on the other hand, beheld her, for whom he had suffered so much, a female, who, like himself, was prematurely advanced in years; a head entirely bald, and shaking so as scarce to support itself; a face disfigured and ghastly in expression, and miserably wrinkled; eyes distorted, dim and haggard; a form that tottered with its feebleness, and joined to limbs, that through contortion and disease, were no longer able to perform their office. How, in so altered a being was he to trace the once loved object of affection, an object possessed of the bloom of youth, features the most dazzling, the most bewitching graces, all the charms and attractions of the most captivating physiognomy, and most consummate beauty! How, in the accents of the austere affliction, the cold unfeeling train of reasoning, of desperation and distrust, that now escaped her, was he to recognize the tones that once delighted his enamored ear! How, in the illiberal spirit in which she now judged of men and things, could he be reminded of the rich sallies of imagination which so often had gratified his understanding! Where were now the impetuosity of youthful gaiety, the sweetness of her manners, the enjoyment of the fleeting moment, and the illusive dreams of future bliss? Ah, these joys were fled! Each now finds in the other a shrunk, emaciated form! What efforts must have been necessary on both sides to sustain the unnatural shock!

In this moment of trial, the resolution of the lady proved superior to that of Trenck. She conducted the scene in such a manner as to make it serve the purpose of diverting for the time, their mutual sorrows, and also that of mutual communication respecting their past sufferings. She inquired particularly after his situation: what was the nature of his present resources and his future hopes; how many children he had, and their different ages; and what manner of education he had adopted for them. She next assured him she would do the utmost in her power, and promised to take his eldest child, in a short time, under her roof for a companion. In this spirit it was they separated, to see each other no more, for she died in a few days after this interview. Concerning the wife that Trenck married, a most interesting anecdote is told in one of his memoirs by a Frenchman, that we never remember to have seen elsewhere. It was during a brief residence at Aix la Chapelle, he made the acquaintance of a baron, who was burgomaster of the town, and had several daughters. Trenck fell in love with the youngest, who was about eighteen, exceedingly beautiful and amiable. He demanded and obtained her in marriage. A gaiety of temper, natural to the lady, having, however, occasioned some censures to be passed on her conduct, her husband, on the evening of their marriage, gave a proof of his originality of character, which can scarcely be regarded with admiration. When every one had retired to rest, and the bride and groom had entered their apartment, the latter locked the door, took up the pistol, and said, "I am acquainted, madame, with the reports that have been circulated [illegible] just I should be acquainted, also, how far these reports are founded. Therefore, choose whether you will make me a general confession, or perish by my hand." The poor bride, confused and trembling, wept, lamented and implored his pity and forbearance, but all in vain. Trenck was inexorable, and to her prayers to spare her life, only answered:—"Let me have a general confession, with no omissions, no reservations; or receive your death at my hands." He persevered so absolutely that she was at length compelled to enter upon the confession required, and in which, impelled by fear, perhaps the truth was exaggerated.

When she had confessed all, Trenck, laying down his pistol, said to her, "Madame, you were ignorant of my true character. If you had known it, you would have entered into no engagement with me, consequently I would not have been entitled to the avowal now made me. As this is the case, I have no reproach to make, nor will I ever upbraid you for what is passed. What I wished for was to try if you were capable of telling the truth. This experiment affords convincing proof of your veracity, and I am satisfied. Now that I know you are possessed of sincerity and ingenuousness of heart, in the fullness of mine I promise you the tenderest, the sincerest affection." The lady was delighted, and it appeared they lived happily together, she bearing him several children.

Trenck, after his release from final imprisonment, appears to have spent a wandering life, embarking in a great variety of occupations—sometimes a wine grower, and then a cattle raiser. But in an evil hour for himself, his restless spirit drew him towards Paris, just at the time the reign of terror was at its height. It was not long before the blood-hounds of the convention were upon his track; and one bright summer afternoon the prisoner of Madgeburg, the lover of Amelia, finds himself in the creaking trumbril that was hurrying a few more unfortunates to the guillotine. His fortitude and endurance, tried so often, does not now desert him. He speaks words of good cheer to his companions in misery; he jokes with the railing crowd that accompany the doomed to their place of punishment; he even hums a merry song as he views the terribly exciting scene with indifference. Arrived at the scaffold, he runs up the stairs with the vigor of step belonging to youth; and as the heavy sweep of the crimson axe crushes through his neck, and his head, with its long, sweeping gray hair, falls into the basket, one of the spectators cries out, "See how defiant it looks." Thus perished the prisoner of Madgeburg.—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ Many persons, it is said, are enemies because they do not know each other. They are oftener such because they do.

☞ An old bachelor is a traveller upon life's railroad, who has entirely failed to make the proper connections.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

An English volunteer gives the following account of the first instruction of his class in musketry:—

SCENE—*Captain Strongbow's rooms. Evening. Moderator lamp alight in centre. Captain Strongbow at head of table, a Long Enfield rifle, and two very ominous-looking red books by his side. Privates and sergeants of the Corps gathered round him. Ensign Rivers standing immediately behind the Captain, where he has the least chance of being seen by him, and looking doubtfully on. The opening portion of the lecture has already been given.*

Capt. Strongbow (*proceeding.*) Now, gentlemen, I will once more run through what I have said, before questioning you. Now, gentlemen, the principal parts of the rifle are the stock and the barrel. (*He takes up rifle and points to each part as he names it.*) The stock is divided into the nose-cap, the upper, middle, and lower bands, the swell, projections, lock-side, head, small, trigger-guard, trigger-plate, trigger, butt, and heel-plate. Once more! (*He repeats all the names.*) Now, Mr. Lobjoit, what is this called? (*Laying his hand on the nose-cap.*)

Lobjoit (*who is a horsy man, and is always wishing we were cavalry.*) Nose-bag!

Capt. S. (disgusted.) What do you say, Mr. Pruffle?

Pruffle (*a slow, middle-aged gentleman, who has entered the force with the sole object of learning how to defend his large family.*) Night-cap!

Capt. S. (*more disgusted.*) Now, Mr. Skull, what is it?

Skull (*looking blankly at it through his spectacles.*) 'Pon my soul, I don't know!

Capt. S. (*profoundly disgusted.*) Really this is too bad! Is there no gentleman present who can remember what this is called?

Sergeant Fluke. Eh? of course, yes! I can! It's the—the—the nose-cap of course! (*Aside to next neighbor.*) Gad! what a good shot!

Capt. S. (*overjoyed.*) Very good, very good, indeed, Sergeant Fluke! Ensign Rivers, I must trust to your honor not to prompt the gentleman!

Ensign R. You may rely upon my doing nothing of the sort, sir! (*N. B. This is strictly correct, as Ensign Rivers knows rather less about it than any one in the room.*)

Capt. S. Now, Sergeant Fluke, can you touch any other parts of the stock, and tell me their names?

Fluke. Oh, yes, of course! (*Glibly.*) This is the barrel, and—

Capt. S. Parts of the *stock*, I said; the stock and the barrel are two distinct things.

Private J. Miller (*the funny man of the Corps—aside to his neighbor.*) Not at a cooper's or a brewer's; there, the barrels constitute the stock!

Private Miller's neighbor (*derisively.*) Ho! ho! ain't you funny!

Capt. S. Silence, gentlemen, pray! Now, Sergeant Fluke?

Fluke. Well, you know, this is the trigger, and this is the butt.

Capt. S. Which is the heel of the butt, Mr. Pruffle (*touching the wrong end.*) This, sir.

Capt. S. No, no! that's not the heel, that's the toe!

Private Miller. Heel and toe! I say, Pruffle, my pipkin, which is the double shuffle?

Capt. S. Mr. Miller, I shall be compelled to call upon you to retire, if you persist in this buffoonery! (*Private Miller makes a grimace of preternatural ugliness behind his neighbor's back, hums the Dead March in Saul, and crosses his hands to simulate a handcuffed deserter about to be shot.*)

Capt. S. Now, then, let us take the barrel.

Private Miller. Ah! some of us have taken to that kindly.

Capt S. Taken to what?

Miller. To the barrel, sir! Don't mind me! Go on!

Capt. S. (*touching them.*) The muzzle, breech, back or elevating sight, nipple, breech, breech-pin. Component parts of the breech-pin: face, tang, and breech nail-hole. What are the component parts of the breech-pin, Mr. Lobjoit?

Lobjoit (*rapidly.*) Face, fangs, and breeches-nails!

Capt. S. (*in despair.*) This is dreadful! I don't know what they'd say to you at Hythe!

Miller. He'll never go there, sir, no more shall I. I say, Lobjoit, old boy, fancy their catching us playing at Hythe among the Sikhs!

Capt. S. (*with dignity.*) I shall leave you on of the course, Mr. Miller! (*Miller feigns to weep, and dry his eyes on the back of his hand.*) Now, once more, before I give up. The component parts of the back or elevating sight are the flanges, flap, slider, spring, and bed. Name, them, Mr. Skull.

Skull (*yawning.*) The principal part of the back sight is the spring-bed.

Capt. S. (*rising in disgust.*) No more at present!

(*Exeunt all but Strongbow, who sits up half the night studying the theories of trajectories!*

MAKING NEEDLES.

Needles are made of steel wire. The wire is first cut by shears from coils into the length of the needle to be made. Aftem batch of such bits of wire are cut off they are placed in a hot furnace, then taken ou and rolled backward and forward on a tabl until they are straight. They are now to b ground. The needle pointer takes up two dozen or so of the wires, and rolls them b tween his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grindstone, first one end and then th other. Next is a machine which flattens an gutters the heads of ten thousand needles a hour. Next comes the punching of the eye and a boy does it so fast that the eye ca hardly keep pace with him. The splittin follows, which is running a fine wire throug a dozen, perhaps, of these twin needles.

A woman with a little anvil before her fil between the heads and separates them. The are now complete needles, but are very roug and rusty, and they easily bend. The harde ening comes next. They are heated in batche in a furnace, and when red hot are thrown into a pan of cold water. Next they must be tempered, and this is done by rolling them backward and forward on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewed over them, oil is sprinkled, and soft soap daubed by spoonsfull over the cloth. The cloth is then rolled hard up, and, with several others of the same kind, thrown into a sort of wash-pot, to roll to and fro for twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough, but after a rinsing in clean hot water, and tossing in sawdust, they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be sorted and put up for sale.

DEATH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JOSEPHINE FRANKLIN.

Oh! Death, thou grand, though solemn key
To heaven's majestic, snowy portals,
In pity God bestoweth thee
As Fate, on all created mortals.

He did not give us the despair,
The bitterness of life's reverses,
Their sadness, woe and thorns to wear
Eternally, like crowns of curses.

Oh! no—he sends us thee, oh! Death,
In love so rich, divine and tender,
That earth and grief seem as a breath,
And heaven one pure, undying splendor.

Oh Father! teach us not to dread
The parting of the clay from spirit;
Teach us while weeping o'er our dead,
To bless the fate we all inherit!

Mount Hope, Fort Washington.

TO DRIVE CURS OFF.

If an Englishman is persecuted and followed by a yelping cur, he can generally manage to get rid of him by stooping down and pretending to pick up a stone, for all curs have a mortal dread of a thrown stone; but on the bogs of Ireland, the dogs don't care a bit if the person they are barking at pretends to pick up a stone; they know, cunning brutes, there are no stones in the bogs to be picked up and thrown at them, but they act very differently if there happens to be a heap of stones anywhere handy. It is an unpleasant situation to be attacked by a dog; if you are so circumstanced never attempt to run, try throwing a stone at him, or present your hat in your hand, and when he has seized it, hit him with a stick across the *nose* or *fore leg*.

These are the most vulnerable points in a dog; a blow on any other part of the head but the nose won't hurt him a bit. If a dog comes up to you and growls, and won't be friendly, don't withdraw from him; put on a bold face, and stretch your hand towards him, keeping it quite still, (if you withdraw it after stretching it out, he will bite you;) the dog will come up and smell the hand, and, having once done this, will be your friend for life. A chimney-sweep once made a match to fight a bull-dog single-handed, armed only with his brush. He entered the arena *with his brush* in one hand and a foot of bramble bush covered with thorns in the other. The dog sprung at him; he presented the bramble bush to the animal, who seized it in his mouth, and so got hooked by the thorns on it; the chimney-sweep belabored him over the head and nose with the back of the brush, and won the match. We are to learn from this, that if a man is attacked by a bull-dog, he should hold a stick between his hands, and present it to the dog, who will seize it, and give the man time for further measures. A rat catcher lately told me that he had a monkey that would be "a match for any dog in any pit." The monkey was given a short stout stick; he watched his opportunity, sprang on the dog's back, it was impossible for the dog to throw him, and the monkey beat him about the head at his will.—*Buckland.*

TARTAR JUSTICE.

Rev. Joseph Wolff, in the narrative of his "Travels and Adventures," gives the following specimen of Tartar justice. He had been robbed, stripped naked, and fastened to the tail of a horse, and driven in front of the thieves, who whipped him as he ran. He was then chained in a dungeon until the Khan commanded his release. In his interview with the doctor, at his court, this potentate said:—

"For my part, I have no religion. I have already passed this world, and the other world. I have got, however, one good quality, and that is, I am a man of justice. I love strict justice; and, therefore, tell me the truth, and you shall see my justice. How much money have these rascals taken from you?"

Wolff said—"They have taken from me eighty tomauns."

He repeated—"Eighty tomauns?"

Wolff replied—"Yes."

He then said—"Now thou shalt see my justice."

So he instantly ordered Kassan Khan Coord and all his followers to be dreadfully flogged. He extorted from them every farthing; and after he had got back Wolff's money, he counted it, and said—

"Now thou shalt see my justice;" and putting the money into his own pocket, without giving Wolff a single penny, he added—"Now you may go in peace."

JUVENILE IMAGINATION.—There seems to be a pretty strong tendency in these matter-of-fact days, to suppress the imaginative faculty in children. This is quite wrong. The imagination is as legitimate, in its way, as any other portion of the mental apparatus. "Facts are stubborn things," and mere dry facts are far too stubborn to be a wholesome pabulum for the graceful and spiritual understanding of children. They find out in time that their dolls are only stuffed with saw-dust, and that Santa Claus is a myth. Let them enjoy their innocent illusions, then, while they may, and let the poetic, rather than the prosaic, sides of their natures be cultivated first.

BOY LOST.

He had black eyes with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and almost curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trowsers, buttoned on. Had a habit of whistling and liked to ask questions. Was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. My guests say, "Ah! it is pleasant here! Everything has an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot, no dirt."

But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper upon the floor; of tumble-down card houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks and trumpery. I want to see boats a-rigging, and kites a-making, crumbles on the carpet, and paste spilt on the kitchen-table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned wrong way about; I want to see candy-making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins; yet these things used to fret me once.

They say—"Ah! you have leisure—nothing to disturb you; what heaps of sewing you have time for." But I long to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper; for a cent to buy a slate pencil or pea-nuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of cloth for jibs or mainsails, and then to hem the same; I want to make little flags and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teazed for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fidget me once.

They say—"Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty to go to concerts, lectures, and parties; no confinement for you." But I want confinement; I want to listen to the school bell mornings; to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch from the window nimble feet bounding to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost buttons; I want to obliterate mud stains, fruit stains, molasses stains, and paints of all colors. I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, that mothers may sing their lullabies, and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then—these mothers. I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

* * * * * * *

A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick black whiskers, and wears a frock-coat, bosomed shirt and cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and busts of the old philosophers for the sitting-room. He calls me *mother*, but I am rather *unwilling to own him.*

He stoutly declares that he is my boy, and says that he will prove it. He brings me a small pair of trowsers, with gay stripes at the sides, and asks me if I didn't make them for him when he joined the *boys' militia?* He says he is the very boy, too, that made the bonfire near the barn, so that we came very near having a fire in earnest. He brings his little boat to show the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece,) and the name on the stern—"Lucy Low"—a little girl of our neighborhood, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face was the chosen favorite of my little boy. Her curls were long since cut off, and she has grown to be a tall, handsome girl. How the red comes to his face when he shows me the name on the boat!

Oh! I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big boy will be. Oh! I wish he were a little tired boy in a long white night-gown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his hand in mine, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who haven't yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children? I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one.

CHARACTER.

"Do you insure woollen mills?" asked a gentleman of an insurance officer.

"Our office does not insure woollen mills," answered the officer; "the risk is greater than we care to undertake. Yes—we do, *one*, but one—that is in ——, where —— is agent."

"Ah! why so?"

"Because he always draws the best class of workmen round him; his character is a sort of guarantee for safety."

Benjamin Franklin had great weight with his fellow-citizens. He was a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in the choice of words, and yet he generally carried his point. Why? Because of his own integrity of character. People believed him.

During a time of civil war in France, there was only one among the French gentry who kept his castle gates unbarred; and it was said of him that his personal character was worth to him more than a regiment of horse.

We often hear that "knowledge is power," but it is true in a much higher and better sense that character is power. Mind without heart, intelligence without integrity, sagacity without goodness, are powers only for mischief. The pickpocket, the swindler, and the forger, may have these, and he often has them in a great degree, abusing them to his own ruin.

Truthfulness, integrity, goodness, these are the strong timbers of character, which win the confidence of a community, and make a man a tower of strength among his fellows.

SWIMMING THE HORSE.

The Hon. Mr. Berkeley says of Capt. Marcy's book, "The Prairie Traveller:"

"In one point alone my gallant friend and myself considerably differ, and that is in the best method of swimming the horse. Capt. Marcy says, in page 79 of his book, and with reference to crossing rivers in a swollen state, "If the traveller be alone, his only way is to swim his horse; but if he retains his seat in his saddle, his weight presses the animal down into the water and cramps his movements very sensibly. It is a much better plan to attach a cord to the bridle-bit and drive him into the stream, then seizing his tail, allow him to tow you across. Now, in this advice I cannot agree; whatever a man has to do with a horse with a saddle on his back, let the man never abdicate his throne, but stick to his pig-skin as he would to his ship, with all his wits about him. It is very dangerous to lay hold of the tail of a horse, and to let him tow you in the water, and for this reason: in swimming, a horse uses his hinder legs much as if he were in full trot, and having no ground to catch the impetus of the heels, which all the time seek and expect to be stayed by it, the hind legs go forth as it were in a succession of kicks, and to the very extent of their muscular power. If one of those kicks happened to strike a man, the man would be injured and probably drowned. If a man must be off his saddle in the water on account of the inferiority or weakness of his horse, let him hold as lightly as he can to the mane, and thus support himself and maintain command of the animal, but on no account get behind him. I have swum by the side of a horse, and I know very well what I am saying. In the picture accompanying the 79th page, wherein Capt. Marcy and myself differ, the illustration of a horse thus swimming is not at all what it should be, and it is not in accordance with the writer's instructions as to the "loose rein." The rein of the swimming horse in the picture is too tight, and the reins, unless a rider sat on his back to loosen them sufficiently, should never be left in that position on a horse when in the water. The rein on an unridden horse should be gathered up to the cheek in such a way that it could neither get under the foreleg of the horse, nor have any action on his bit. The least touch of the mouth guides a horse when in the water; the least touch stops, and, if over hard, sets him fighting and pawing, and, even when the water is very deep, brings him backwards, and risks his death. The stirrups, too, if a man is not on his horse's back, should be crossed safely over the saddle; and in swimming horses with men on their backs, even then I recommend the stirrups being taken out of the water, and the riders should sit with their knees well forward, and their legs gathered up, to prevent any collision with the feet of the horse. In guiding a horse from the saddle in the water, the touch to the mouth, on either side, to direct him, should be very light, and entirely made by the rein on that side; and if the horse has a double bit in his mouth, the direction should be entirely confined to the snaffle. In the swimming of different horses there is even more difference in their action than there is in that of dogs; some will swim as smoothly on the surface as a dog, while others will go through a river by a succession of plunges to the bottom, if they can touch it, and up again, and these are difficult to sit and manage, for as they plunge under the water they come up half blinded, and shaking their heads from the water in their ears, so that they are almost out of their senses. With this difference as to the swimming of horses—I believe it is the only one between Captain Marcy and myself—I now take leave of this excellent little book, reiterating my opinion that no traveller should attempt the plains without first having studied the volume, or possessed himself of it, so that he could have it at command at any needful moment."

INDUSTRY IN SWITZERLAND.—A correspondent thus writes from Geneva, Switzerland:—"The whole population appears to be prosperously engaged in some kind of industrial occupation, chiefly in jewelry and watch-making. Women and children even are able to earn money by some particular branch of these manufactures. Children of ten years earn five or six francs a week, and after a little time, as much as ten or more. Many girls support themselves by painting on enamel, or by engraving, and almost every member of a family contributes a portion towards the common stock. Upwards of 100,000 watches are manufactured annually by the 6,000 workmen engaged in the business. Trinkets and jewelry are nowhere so cheap as in Geneva. A good journeyman earns from thirty to forty francs a week. Division of labor is carried to a great extent, since about eighty different machines unite their labor in the production of a watch. Perhaps there is no provincial town in Europe having a greater amount of wealth. I have seen an estimate made by one of the bankers, which gives eighty-one millionaires in a population of less than 60,000, the inhabitants of the Canton."

IRISHMEN AND IRREGULARITY.—An Irishman as a rule will not come regularly to his task. It is a very difficult thing to secure his services every morning at six o'clock; but make a special point, tell him that you want him very early—and he will come to you in the middle of the night. Breakfast every morning punctually at eight o'clock is almost impossible in Ireland; but if you want one special breakfast, so that you may start by a train at four A. M., you are sure to be served. No irregular effort is distasteful to an Irishman of the lower classes, not if it entails on him the loss of a day's food, and the loss of a night's rest; the actual pleasure of the irregularity repays him for all this, and he never tells that this or that is not his work. He prefers work that is not his own. Your coachman will have no objection to turn the mangle, but heaven and earth put together won't persuade him to take the horses out to exercise every morning at the same hour.—*Trollope's Castle Richmond.*

PASSING FOOTSTEPS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I sit in my room and listen
To the feet that hurry on
Thro' the street, beneath my window,
From darkness unto dawn;
From dawn unto the darkness,
Like the sound when the tide is high,
Like the sound of the autumn forests—
Those footsteps rustle by.
And I've learned to pause in my studies,
And bend with a listening ear—
When, thro' the rush of the many,
Some well-known feet I hear;
I never have seen their faces—
I never have heard their speech—
Yet my heart has a magic mirror,
With the face and the form of each.

One thro' the crowd goes lightly,
The step of a little child—
That walks with its guardian angel,
In raiment undefiled:
And I close my book when I hear it,
For the Past, like a velvet door,
Swings back on its noiseless hinges,
And I look on the dead once more.
There are vistas of light and fragrance,
There are fountains with silver rain—
And the fresh winds blow from the long ago,
And my heart is a boy's again!

Another, I know, is a maiden—
By the footstep's airy grace,
So I turn to my magic mirror,
And I gaze on her flitting face.
'Tis the face of a vagrant Peri,
With the deep eyes of the South—
And the rose that the Bulbul worships
Is ripe in her sunny mouth:
And I smile on her forehead's whiteness,
On her cheek's quick-coming red—
And I sigh—"God bless thee, maiden,
For thou mind'st me of my dead!"

One other foot, thro' the shadows,
Goes by—and I list again—
'Tis the step of a man grown aged
Among his fellow men:
'Tis a heavy, halting footstep—
And my glass has a dim eclipse,
A sad, old face, with a patient eye,
Bent brow and trembling lips.
'Tis a weary while since a mother
First guided those stumbling feet—
They have grown unfit for this busy mart,
Where the world's strong pulses beat;
But out where the grasses murmur,
And the fragile roses sway—
Thro' the sunshine and the silence
They should wander on for aye!

O my heart, like a sea, storm swollen,
Its spray to my eyes upsends—
And I weep for the aged stranger,
Who knows no home or friends;
But in my grief's dim ocean,
This thought is Venus born,
That out of the curtaining shadows
Which stretch from dusk till morn—
The way of those many footsteps—
The street way, dim and broad,
Thro' the gates of the glorious City—
Leads up to the throne of God!
And I see the pilgrims going,
White-robed and laurel-crowned,
Where the light throbs down from the face of Christ,
And the angels stand around.
The lily child and its guardian,
The maid and the stranger hoar—
They are all in the shining circle,
They are blest for evermore!

I sit in my room and listen
To the restless tide without—
But my magic mirror is shivered,
And my lamp has flickered out.

REGINA;

OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XV.

Thine eyes are closed. But I look out
Through tears upon my fellow-men;
And, stepping o'er thy lonely grave,
Come "back to busy life again!"
For thee, the silence of the tomb—
The silence none may dare to break!
For me the deep, perpetual gloom—
The soul is mourning, for thy sake!

M. B.

The door opened as Charlemount spoke, and George Erlinford entered, with his mother leaning on his arm. After them came Howe, supporting the steps of an old woman, who peered anxiously up into Charlemount's face, as she stood before him.

"No, it's not my boy!" she cried. "You said I should see my boy, Alice!"

"And so you shall, mother!" said Mrs. Maining, as she closed the door upon one or two powdered menials, whose curiosity had been aroused to such an extent by the extraordinary proceedings of the last two hours, that they were loitering in the hall, in hopes of seeing or hearing something that would explain the mystery.

"My boy! my boy!" muttered the old woman peevishly. "If he is not here I'll go back again, and have another glass of wine!"

From the moment of her entrance Clifford had stood like one in a dream—his color coming and going so fast that Regina watched him anxiously lest he should fall. Now, he stepped forward into the full light of the room, and said, "Does she mean me, Howe? It seems as if I ought to know that voice!"

"It's him! It's my Francie!" cried the old nurse, as her eyes fell upon him; and the next moment she was sobbing wildly on his breast.

"My boy!—my pretty boy! I always knew I should see you again! Have you forgotten your poor old nurse, Francie darling?"

"No, no! I remember you!" said Clifford, kissing her withered cheek. "But where? When I look at you, and hear you speak, I seem to recall another land—another home. It was not in England! Where could it have been? Sit here, and tell me! I have so often longed to know!"

She let him place her in easy-chair, and smoothed the bright curls away from his forehead, as he knelt beside her.

"You have got your poor mother's face, Francie! I always said so!"

"My mother!" cried Clifford, with a trembling voice. "My mother! Where is she?"

"In her grave, Francie! In her grave! These old hands laid her in the coffin! And she died in my arms! 'Margery,' she said, 'they will wrong my boy! He does not love my boy! But you must care for him, after I have gone!' And I promised. I would have done it, Francie, if I could! But it is not too late; and I shall see you in your poor mother's home, before I die! Howe knows all about it! My dear boy, that I loved better than Alice herself! And I have got him back again at last!"

She was so absorbed in the delight of caressing her long lost nursling, that it was useless to question her more closely. Clifford looked up at Howe.

"Do you really know what she means?"

"I do, sir."

"Tell me, then."

Lord Charlemount was pacing up and down the room with his hands clasped behind him, Alice and her son stood near the door, and Regina, beside the window, looked at the different groups with an absorbing interest. Here, in her quiet English home, was a scene far more exciting than any she had ever depicted upon the stage.

"I have already told you," said Howe, addressing Clifford, but watching the Earl, "that Lord Erlinford resided for a long time abroad, and that his second son was born in Italy."

"I know."

"People said that Lady Erlinford died of a broken heart. That I do not doubt. But they also said that her eldest son's misconduct was the cause of that mishap. Your old nurse can tell you better."

"He never loved her," cried the old woman, who remembered the events of her youth far better than those of her later years. "They were cousins—both Erlinfords—and he married her, that one of the family estates might not go away from him. After they went abroad, he neglected her shockingly, and we scarcely saw his face from one week to another. He was a bad man, and if it had not been for him, my lady might have been living now."

"It runs in the family—this ill-treatment of wives!" said Howe, in a low voice. The Earl glanced towards him; but, luckily, he had not been able to distinguish the words.

"Bear in mind what I told you a few moments ago!" he said, significantly, as he resumed his march.

"Well, Howe?" said Clifford, too impatient to tolerate an interruption, no matter in what form or from what source it came.

"Lady Erlinford died; but the son was a healthy child, and bid fair to lay claim to the barony, if his elder brother died before his majority. Lord Erlinford hated the infant as he hated its mother before its birth. But there was another child that he loved."

"*Whose?*" *demanded Charlemount, stopping suddenly before him.*

"Giula Monti's, my lord."

"Good! She was *my* nurse. We are getting into difficulties, I see. Do you mean to say that her child was also my father's?"

"I do."

"She was his mistress, then?"

"Not exactly—that is, she was not at the last."

"What do you mean?"

"There was a marriage the very day after Lady Erlinford's death."

"Before a Protestant clergyman?"

"No. A priest—her uncle—married them."

"But the child?"

"Their marriage could not legitimize him, my lord. He was born a month before the second son of Lady Erlinford."

"Still she was his wife at the last?"

"Yes, my lord."

Charlemount looked thoughtfully at Clifford.

"He has the Erlinford face! That woman says that his mother died in her arms; she was with Lady Erlinford abroad! Whose son is he?"

"The son of Lord and Lady Erlinford, to be sure!" cried the old nurse. "My own boy that I nursed, and that I shall see righted, at last!"

Charlemount caught his breath.

"I, then, am supposed to be Giula Monti's son! Mr. Clifford, what do you know of the affair?"

"I, my lord!"

"Yes, you! Since you are the party most interested in the making and proving such a charge, it is only proper to ask you about it!"

"I give you my word, my lord, that till this moment I never heard or thought of such a thing," said Clifford, rising, and coming up to him.

"It is a weak and foolish lie, got up by that man!" said Charlemount, excitedly. "It carries falsehood on its very face! What man, in his senses, would disinherit his lawful son for an unlawful one?"

"Alice, the papers!" said Howe.

Charlemount started violently, and went up to Mrs. Maining.

"Are you Alice?"

"Yes, my lord!" was the cold reply.

"Changed like this!"

"I have had much to change me, my lord!"

He looked at her, and at the boy who stood defiantly before him, and sighed.

"What papers have you?" he asked, wearily. "Get through this business soon, or, upon my word, I shall go mad!"

"Baptismal register of Francis Clifford Erlinford; baptismal register of George Monti Erlinford; marriage papers of George Grant Erlinford and Giula Monti; and testimony of Margery Manners, who has been confined in an Italian convent till the last year, under pretence of madness!" said Howe, placing them, one after another, upon the table. "They are only copies; but the originals are in the hands of a lawyer, and can be produced at once, if needed."

"Shut up in an Italian convent!" said Charlemount, contemptuously. "Who will believe it? These are not the days for such things, my good fellow."

"My lord," said Alice, "she could not speak a word of Italian, and the good nuns knew no English. Your father told them she was mad, and when they saw how violent she became, they believed it. They were very kind to her; and when an English lady visiting them, during the last year, happened to hear her story, they liberated her at once, and the lady sent for me. I have their statement of the matter, and here, if you would like to see them?"

He looked at her with a melancholy smile, as he replied, "No, thank you, Alice, I do not care to see them. Let the coronet go. After all, it is but a small loss compared to some others!" and his eyes turned towards his wife, who still stood like a statue by the window, speaking to no one, but watching every one.

He went and stood near her, and folding his arms upon the mantelpiece, leaned his head down upon them, and looked moodily into the grate. If this calamity had overtaken him before Regina learned his treachery, no one would have been more fond and faithful than she; but she said inwardly, as she gazed upon the lock of hair she held, "It is the judgment of God, and he merited it! He may bear it alone!"

Clifford and Howe examined the papers silently. The young man lifted up his head at last, with a smile of triumph.

"There is no doubt——" he began; and then his eyes fell upon the bowed figure of Charlemount, and he crossed the room, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Come what may, George, we are brothers!" he said, in a low voice.

The Earl raised his head.

"Yes, Francis—nothing can blot that out!" And he stood looking into the fair, resolute face, with a mixture of pleasure and pain so oddly blended, that he could scarcely tell which feeling predominated. "You will make a better Earl of Charlemount than I!"

"George, I can't take the title from you—and I won't!" faltered Clifford, whose eyes now were full of tears.

"Pshaw! can you make out a clear case from yonder papers?"

"Yes!"

"I wonder what the lawyer thinks of it?"

"He says, my lord, there is no difficulty whatever in proving that Mr. Clifford is the lost heir," replied Howe. "He has only to be identified by two persons, the master of the Yorkshire school, where he was brought up, and the sea-captain who took him there."

"Are they alive?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And in London?"

"They will be soon, my lord."

"Then farewell to my coronet!" said Charlemount, smiling. "And may you enjoy it, Clifford, more than I have done!"

"George, we can settle this matter in another way. You are the elder. Keep the title, but acknowledged me as your younger brother—*I shall be content with that.*"

"*You forget that I have a son. Even at my death* the title would not come to you!"

"Never mind. I do not want it!"

"By heaven, Francis, you are a noble fellow! No, we will have no such transfers. I only spoke to try you. You will be Earl of Charlemount. Allow me to be the first to congratulate you, *my lord!*"

"Don't, George! I can't bear it from you!"

"It is nothing. You need not grieve for me. I am ruined and disgraced, it is true; but what of that? Ruined and disgraced! The words have an ugly sound! But there! don't shed a tear for me, Francis; I'm not worth it! Come here, George Erlinford."

The boy started, and looked doubtfully at him.

"I mean you. Come to me."

The boy went. Charlemount looked at him earnestly. They were like in features and in form, and he smiled sadly as he saw it.

"My boy, you and I stand on the same level just now. You are as much your father's son as I was. But I loved my father, and you hate yours!"

"No," said the boy, without looking up. "I hated you an hour ago, when I thought you were the Earl and too proud to own me; but I would love you now if you would let me!"

"Let you? I should be grateful if a stray dog wagged his tail out of sympathy for me! I have not so much love lavished upon me just at this moment, that I can afford to slight yours, Georgy!"

He held out his hand—the lad seized it, pressed it to his lips and to his heart, and sobbed aloud.

"Father, I will work for you—I will help you, and so will my mother!" he cried.

"Wrong there, my child!" said the Earl, gently. "Your mother is a woman, and women do not *always* forgive, do they, Alice?"

"Not always, my lord!"

Still keeping the lad near him, Charlemount turned to Regina.

"This has been an open council so far, but I suppose it may be closed now. Howe, have you any more revelations to make?"

"None, my lord," replied the man, who stood moodily by the side of Alice—"except this: that Alice has promised to marry me, and that the boy goes abroad with us."

"Well, I am the last person on earth to determine your movements. And as the final arrow has sped from your quiver, perhaps you will have the goodness to withdraw. I wish to speak to her ladyship privately, if she will allow me."

They were obeying, but Regina came forward, and requested them to stop.

"I have nothing so say to the Earl of Charlemount in private," she said, coldly. "Since you have stayed so long, you may as well see the play played out. Now, my lord, I will hear you!"

"You choose a mixed audience, Regina?"

"What does it matter? What do you wish to say?"

"I cannot tell you here—and thus!"

"Then I shall never hear it! After I leave this room, you will have no more opportunities of speaking to me, either in public or in private!"

"What do you mean?"

"I shall leave the house at once!"

"And me?"

"And you, my lord!"

"But the boy?"

"Will go with me!"

"May I ask where?"

"You may! I shall ask Mrs. Erlinford—Helen's mother—to shelter me for a time, till I can make preparations for leaving England."

"Forever?"

"Forever!"

Charlemount looked long at her. Never had he loved her more tenderly than now; but she stood haughtily before him, giving no sign of emotion or of sympathy with his hard fate.

"Was it the coronet you married?" he asked, suddenly.

She turned crimson.

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"Answer it!"

"It was the coronet I married! But," she added, with a slight tremor in her voice, "it was the man I learned to love afterwards; and if he had been a beggar I should have loved him still, provided he had kept his honor and his truth unsullied."

The Earl turned away with an impatient groan.

"Francis, you see it is all over between us. There is no question of your marriage now! Will you see that she has a pleasant home with—with Helen?"

"I will!"

"And little Stuart—if I never see his face again, will you teach him to hate his father, Regina?"

His voice faltered, and he put his hand up to his eyes to hide the tears that fell hot and fast at the thought of the separation, so much worse to him than death.

"Don't cry, father!" said George Erlinford, clinging to his arm. "I will go with you, if she will not!"

"No, George, your place is with your mother. It matters little what becomes of me; but, Francis—you will see that *all* are provided for?"

"Trust me!" said Clifford, wringing his hand. "But I hope all these wounds may yet be healed. Regina, it is but a few hours since you told me how dear my brother was to you. Has the love gone so soon?"

She did not answer. After one startled glance at Charlemount weeping, and the son of Alice consoling him, she bent her eyes obstinately on the ground.

"If, by any unforeseen Providence, George should be taken from you, you would regret most bitterly that you were so cold and hard to him in his hour of trouble!"

"We forgive the dead all things! Of the dead we speak nothing but good!" was her reply, and a deep flush covered Charlemount's face as he heard it. "But the living must atone for their faults before they can be forgiven!"

"Show me how to do it?" cried Charlemount. "Tell me what to do—give me the hardest task on earth, and I will accomplish it gladly! Only do not kill me with this dreadful coldness!"

"I have only one task to give you. No doubt you will find it a difficult one!"

"Name it!"

"Be true!"

He turned white, and leaned heavily against the mantle-piece.

"Regina, how merciless you are!"

"No! I am only just!"

"After all these happy years must we two part like this! Can nothing move you?"

"Not the memory of those years. You had better not invoke it. Cannot you see that because they were so happy I abhor them now? Their foundation was a terrible one—Ruth's grave!"

"Well—I stand at bay, with my foes on every side of me!" said Charlemount. "Only Francis and this poor child to feel for me! And yet I have wronged them, as well as you and Alice! How is it that you two are so hard and proud? You are women—you should have gentle hearts, if all that is said of your sex be true!"

"My lord, you will find, before you die, that women are not all spaniels by nature and education! There are some among us who cannot forgive treachery in a lover; and some who cannot overlook falsehood when it meets them in a form like this! Women are human as well as men! Why should they always suffer in silence? If I had deceived you, as you have deceived me, when would my pardon be spoken?"

"At once, Regina!"

"Never!" she answered with a slight smile. "I should be driven at once from your presence, and disgraced in the eyes of all who know me. I have feelings and passions as well as you! Why should I turn meekly round, and offer my cheek to you for a second blow?"

"Is that your final answer, Regina?"

"It is."

"Remember our boy!"

"Because I remember him, I say it. He, at least, must grow up frank and true."

"And in order that he may do so you remove him from my care?"

She did not answer.

"Regina," said Clifford, "you are too cruel! Do you not see how you are paining him?"

"I can but speak the truth," was her stern reply.

"You leave me, then, in my poverty and loneliness! You leave me without a home, without a wife, without a child, without a name!"

"I leave you because you have been weighed in the balance, and found wanting! Because I cannot love if I cannot trust—and I trust you no longer!"

"We are all liable to err," said Clifford. "My brother will never deceive you again, Regina. Be more forgiving! If God treated us as we treat each other what would become of us?"

"What do you wish?" she cried angrily. "My lord, if you persist in claiming me I will remain. I will be faithful to you—I will study your comfort in every way. But if you ask me for love I have it not to give you; if you wish for confidence you will be disappointed. Choose for yourself, and tell me if I am to go or to stay!"

"You must not stay with me, if those are your terms, Regina; I could not bear it. But when I am dead you will remember me more kindly. I shall not forget what you said about the dead!"

He held out his hand to Clifford.

"All that remains for me now is, like Cæsar, to 'cover my face and die with dignity.' Farewell, brother! Be kind to this poor boy, who has showed me kindness in my hour of greatest need."

"George, where are you going?"

He only smiled—wrung his brother's hand—kissed George Erlinford upon the forehead, and, turning to Regina, caught her in his arms before she could move away. For one brief moment he held her to his heart, and covered her eyes, her lips and her hands with kisses.

"Forgive me, love!" he whispered. And when she looked up he had gone.

There was a terrible silence, which no one cared to break. Long after those hasty footsteps had ceased to ring in the hall they stood and listened. A new sound struck them dumb with horror. A shot pealed, clear and sharp, through every room in the house.

"Good heaven! the pistols!" cried Howe, flinging open the door, and rushing up the stairs to his master's private study.

The little child stood trembling and crying at the door.

"Oh, Howe! Howe! Papa came and kissed me, and ran away; and now he won't let me come in!"

Regina, reaching the landing place, caught the boy up, and thrust him into his nurse's arms.

"Take him away! If you let him enter that room, or tell him what has happened, I will never forgive you! Burst the door, men! Great heaven, be quick!"

The bolt yielded; and she rushed in, followed by Clifford, Alice, Howe, George Erlinford, and the servants. She flung herself down, with a passionate cry, beside the figure, lying still upon the floor.

"George! George! Speak to me! Oh, you cannot die without forgiving me!"

As if her voice had power even to call the spirit back, his eyes unclosed.

"Quick!" cried Clifford to a servant. "Ride for a doctor! And here, George; help me to move him to this couch!"

As they placed him upon the soft cushions, he looked up in Regina's face, and smiled.

"You can forgive the dead, Regina—you will soon forgive me!"

She flung her arms around him, and buried her face in his bosom. The lock of Ruth's hair, still clutched within her hand, was dyed with his life-blood, and became a terrible relic for after days.

"You do forgive me, darling?" he whispered faintly.

"Oh, I have nothing to forgive—nothing! And I have killed you! Clifford, send for a clergyman, before it is too late!"

"It is too late already, Regina—he is sinking fast!"

"Yes—it is all over!" murmured the dying man. "Alice and Howe might even forgive me now!"

Howe stood for a moment, dark and stern, looking down upon him. His features worked convulsively—a dreadful sob burst from his lips—and flinging himself down upon his knees, he cried, "Oh, Master George!—Master George!

It was the old familiar name he had used in their childhood, and the Earl's dull eye kindled when he heard it.

"Good-bye!" he whispered. "We shall go for no more birds'-nests in Erlinford woods. And Alice?"

Alice was there, with her lips upon his cold hand.

"They have all forgiven me!" he murmured. "Will not God forgive me also? I was mad!—I scarcely knew what I did! Through the heart, Regina—the heart that loved you so! Oh! I suffer! It is hard to die!—and after death——Pray for me, love—pray, all of you!"

They knelt beside him, and Clifford—his voice choked with sobs—interceded for their dear one, with his offended God. The Earl lay quietly with Regina's arms around him, and his head resting on her breast. Suddenly, a strong convulsion ran through every limb—he lifted his head eagerly—"God be merciful to——" The words died upon his lips—he gave a long sigh, and looked at Regina. With the prayer of the poor publican for his passport, he had gone out into that other world which presses so closely upon ours, and yet remains for ever mysterious, and for ever unknown.

Clifford closed the eyes, that, even in death, were turned upon the face they had loved so well.

"Come, Regina," he said, gently; "we can do nothing more for him now."

"Nothing!"

She looked a moment at the peaceful face of the corpse, and sank back in his arms, almost as cold and pale. They carried her away with the tenderest care, and laid her down beside her little child; and the new Earl began to reign in the dead Earl's home!

It was long before Regina recovered her health and good spirits after this terrible shock—so long that preparations for the marriage of Clifford and Helen were going busily forward when she rose at last from her sick bed. Howe and Alice had started for the Continent directly after their own wedding; and the boy, George Erlinford, was with them; while Clifford's old nurse was made rich and happy by the gift of the lodge at the gates of Erlinford Park, where she had spent her early days. A great commotion in the London world attended the accession of the new Earl to the title, but no one was found to dispute it; and settlements were made, and jewels chosen, with the greatest possible despatch; while the young ladies all wondered "what Lord Charlemount could see in her," and all the old ones said, "it was all her scheming mother's work." Helen herself was silent, and intensely happy—bearing her mother's exultant joy and her father's loudly expressed satisfaction with the same placid mien. Only one thought disturbed her happiness, and that was of Regina. Was it possible that she who had once loved Clifford so, could be anything but miserable at seeing him about to wed another? The thought took to itself wings when Regina herself, pale and lovely in her widow's weeds, came to congratulate her. "I am glad that you are to marry him," she said, frankly; "and that you are to live in my home. I could not bear that another should be there."

"But you, Regina?" whispered Helen, with her blushing face buried in her hands. "What will you do?"

"I have my boy, and Prudence, and Prince Charlie, and my Texan home. Don't fear for me, love!" was the grave reply.

So it happened that it was Regina's hand that placed the bridal veil upon the beautiful fair head, and Regina's voice that first said "Countess of Charlemount," as she kissed the blushing bride, and gave her hand to Clifford when the ceremony was over. And Helen was content.

The feast was over, the farewells said, and the guests had gone away. The bride and groom were speeding on their wedding tour—and Regina having made her last adieu to them, drove back to say good-bye to home, and to all the wealth and splendor lavished there. The little boy had already gone, in charge of his nurse, to Southampton; the servants were to remain till the return of the new Earl; and nothing, except her own personal property, had been removed from the house. In those beautiful saloons Helen would receive her titled guests. In that noble dining-room Clifford would sit over his wine with his friends. Helen's children would play in the nursery, from which Stuart's little cot had been removed. Helen's head would press the pillows of that sumptuous couch which poor Charlemount had designed for his bride. Only one room would remain empty and unused—the little study on the third floor, where that awful tragedy had been enacted! Poor George! Oh! where, where was he now? Was there a hope that in the next world they might meet, who had been so terribly separated here? She dared not dwell upon the thought. She gave one glance around the stately apartments, and descending the staircase *for the last time*—ah! what bitter words those are, wherever or however they may be used!—took leave of the servants, who waited in the hall. To do them justice, they crowded round as eagerly and as respectfully as if she had been Countess of Charlemount still, and more than one sob testified to their sorrow at parting with the gentle mistress from whom they had all received so much consideration and kindness. Thomas, the footman, had tears in his eyes as he handed her to the plain little brougham, where Prudence was already waiting, and said, "God bless your ladyship!" She thanked him sadly; she leaned back in her carriage, and waving a last good-bye to them all, put her handkerchief to her eyes. They drove away, and of that splendid home nothing remained to Regina but a memory and a dream.

That evening they reached Wilverton. The moon was shining brightly when Regina went down the little garden path of the cottage, while Prudence waited at the gate. The house was empty, the shutters up, and fastened. A wild rose had fallen from its trellis over the porch, and lay across the door, barring the entrance with a chain of perfumed blossoms. The grounds, untouched since Ruth's death, were overgrown with weeds and neglected flowers. A few sheep, that grazed in the meadows during the day, were lying beneath the garden fence; they lifted their heads, but did not rise as she came near; and, by a bed of purple violets—American violets, such as grew in the garden of their Bromptom home—she saw a narrow mound, over which the long grass waved sadly in the night wind. She fell upon her knees beside it; she clasped her arms over it, and put her face down to the ground, as if she would embrace the sleeper who was lying so quietly there. Only one word was cut upon the headstone—"Ruth." She looked at it steadily for a moment, sobbed out that beloved name, and then all was still.

As the church clock tolled eleven, Prudence saw her coming towards the gate, looking very pale, and holding a cluster of violets in her hand. She gave a few to the old nurse, and put the others carefully away.

"We will keep them for—for her sake!" she said, with a quiver in her voice, as she gave a last look towards the grave. "And now for Southampton!"

At one o'clock they reached their place of destination, and going to bed, slept, let us hope, quite soundly, till the waiter, going through the hotel the next morning to awaken the passengers for America, called out at their door that the "steamer left at nine." The little boy, pleased with his journey, and with the new faces he had seen, came prattling in with his nurse to share his mother's breakfast.

"Oh, mother, I have been so good!" he cried out when he saw her. "I have not cried once—have I, nurse?"

"That's my brave boy!" said Regina, taking him in her arms, and giving him a long, fond kiss. How like he was to him who had gone! She had never noticed it so much before; but now, the smile—the features—the waving hair—the upright carriage—a thousand little ways and looks, recalled the father so vividly to her heart, that she could scarcely bear the pain of memory.

The little steamer sailed punctually at nine o'clock; and Stuart, delighted with the bustle, ran gaily up and down the deck, playing with the children, as they glided over the beautiful Southampton water. Prudence and the nurse overlooked his movements with jealous and careful eyes; but Regina sat apart, and bending over the boat's side, looked into the crested waves, and thought, half sadly, half tenderly, of all the events of her chequered life in the land she was leaving forever. Suddenly, the child ran up, and pulled her by the skirt.

"Oh, look, mother! there is a town before us, and a great ship, and such a pretty flag!"

She looked up. The American steamer was

lying off Cowes—the American flag was flying in the air. An odd thrill ran over her from head to foot; she sprang to her feet, and looked at the banner with tearful eyes.

"What flag is it, all covered over with stars?" the child kept crying.

And she answered, "My dear, it is the flag of *home!*"

Yes—she felt it at that moment! Her best, her safest and her dearest refuge was in that lonely southern villa which she had once abandoned. There lay her country—there lay the future of her child! And in her heart she said a little prayer of thankfulness to Him who had granted her so quiet a haven in which to furl the sails of her tempest-tossed bark, and tempt the sea no more!

At twelve o'clock all was ready. Friends said their last good-bye, and hurried down the vessel's side; the sailors ran to and fro, and the captain, at the gangway, uttered his orders more quickly and more sharply than before. A bell rang—a gun fired—a great cheer rang from deck to shore—and they were off and away, gliding down the channel, with the starry flag lowered now and then in momentary salute, as they passed the English ships. The channel was all alive with vessels, and now and then a cheer saluted them as they passed—a "good-bye" from strangers to strangers, which seems to me one of the most touching things on earth. The decks were crowded. Regina stood aft, with her arm around her boy.

"Look, mother—look at the pretty rocks!" he cried, as they passed the Needles.

"Yes, Stuart." She lifted him in her arms, and leaned her cheek upon his golden head. It grew dark. One after another, the passengers stole away, and lights began to twinkle on the now distant shore.

"Farewell to Old England!" said Regina, aloud, waving her hand towards the coast. The child looked up in her face.

"Why do you say that, mother? And why do you look so sorry? Farewell to Old England!" he added, waving his tiny hand in imitation of her. "When shall we see Old England again, mother?"

"When, indeed?" said Regina, sadly. And a sob broke from the lips of a poor young wife by her side at the artless question. She had left father, and mother, and home, for a stranger. When should she see father, and mother, and home again?

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ "Are you prepared to pay me that bill?" said the landlord of one of the hotels at Ramsgate, the other day, to a guest of his who seemed to evince a decided and practical preference to the credit system. "Certainly, I'll pay it," was the reply, "as soon as I get a remittance from home. But why so uneasy? Am I not putting up with you?" "Yes," said Boniface, "I know you are putting up with me; but I'll be darned if I'm going to *put up with you*, unless I get my money."

☞ Bishop Bathurst, of Norwich, was fond of posing candidates for orders, by asking them what they would do in a parish where there were a great many Dissenters. Of course the young men each gave their elaborate method of treatment, at the end of which the bishop would quietly observe with a chuckle, "Shall I give you my plan? Let them alone."

☞ An editor says, "On our outside will be found some fine suggestions for raising peaches." We suppose that on his inside may be found the peaches themselves.

☞ Don't think you are making a bargain when you cheat a customer; for in the long run, all such operations will turn out quadruple losses. Don't lend money at too great a shave; for the borrower must succeed, or he'll not be able to pay. Don't neglect your regular business, thinking to do better at some outside enterprise; the chances are ten to one you will not succeed.

☞ At a representation of Richard III., at Weaverville, a short time since, while the distinguished tragedian, Stark, was delivering that portion of the dream in which Richard, reflecting on the phenomena attending his advent into the world, exclaims, "I was born with teeth," a lady of Milesian extraction was so wrapt up in the scene, that forgetting her locality, she earnestly ejaculated, "Array, ye thafe of the wur-ruld, ye wern't! ye wern't!" She brought down the house, including Stark, who "doubled up" for at least two minutes, with a bad pain in his stomach.

☞ The Duke of Argyle thinks highly of Mrs. H. B. Stowe—thinks she can't be spoiled; but the Duke does not approve of a woman appearing on a platform in public, unless she is going to be hanged, "when," he says, "it is unavoidable."

☞ Some forty years ago a respectable Irish company of volunteers was named the "Erin Musketeers." During its brief existence they met to spend a social evening. After the supper was disposed of, a prominent member was called upon to speak, and responded as follows: "Mr. President, I am no spache-maker, but will give you a sintiment—'The Erin Musketeers equal *to* none; the *last* on the field, and the *first* to leave it!'" It is needless to add that he intended to say that the company was equalled *by* none; the *first* on the field, and the *last* to leave it.

☞ Persons who sport money upon races are likely to come into connection with good company, or at all events, they are continually in with their *betters*. Another advantage is, that they can never be hard up for a dinner, as they always have a *stake*.

☞ "Won't you cut open a penny for me, father?" said a little girl, when she came home from school one day. "Cut open a penny! What do you want me to do that for?" asked her father. "'Cause," said the little girl, "our teacher says that in every penny there are four farthings, and I want to see them."

☞ The fellow who "broke loose" has gone into partnership with the one that "broke the news," and they anticipate doing a smashing business.

☞ QUEER KIND OF LOVE.—A neuralgic affection.

FOREIGN NEWS.

REPORTED ENTRY OF GARIBALDI INTO NAPLES.—On the departure of the Europa, it was reported in reliable quarters that the British Government received a despatch on the 8th, announcing that Garibaldi entered Naples in triumph on the 7th inst.

Preparations are being made at the Imperial castle at Holzendorf near Baden, for the reception of their Neapolitan majesties.

TURIN, Sept. 8.—Three corps d'armee are about to be placed on a war footing. The Southern railway is preparing for the extraordinary transport of troops.

VIENNA, Sept. 8.—The Emperor received Counts Sezechen and Apponga, who explained the rights of Hungary, and the Emperor pronounced himself favorable to the Hungarian programme.

The latest despatches from Naples are to the evening of the 6th instant, and announce that the King left there for Gaeta that day, on board a Spanish vessel. Before leaving, he reduced the penalties of the prisoners.

Garibaldi dined at La Cava on the 6th instant, and was expected to enter Naples on the 7th. La Cava is only 26 miles from the capital.

The advanced guard of Garibaldi arrived at Salerno at noon of the 6th inst.

Naples continued tranquil.

The London Times editorially says that the King has gone to Gaeta only to consider whether he will fly to Madrid or Vienna; that Naples is as good as lost; and that the turn of Rome must come next.

It was announced that Count Cavour had sent a note to Rome, announcing that any movement of the Pontifical troops beyond the Roman frontier would be considered an act of intervention, and that Piedmont would in such case consider herself justified in occupying the Marches.

Insurrectionary movements have broken out at Pesaro, and the insurgents had attacked and defeated the Papal troops.

The *Opinions National*, of Turin, of the 8th, says that the first column of the volunteers enter the Marches to-day.

GERMANY.—A general meeting of the National Union at Coburg unanimously adopted as a programme the transfer of the central power to Prussia, and the convention of the German Parliament.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is dead.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The weather continued fine and the harvest in the southern counties was nearly completed, and the result exceeded expectations. Operations have been commenced in the more northern counties with encouraging prospects.

Earl Granville was *en route* for Madrid, and it was reported that he had a mission relative to the slave trade.

The number of English volunteers offering for Garibaldi was so great that funds could not be raised fast enough to send them to Naples.

THE MARKETS.—On the 8th, Cotton was firm. In Breadstuffs Richardson, Spence & Co., report the market paralyzed; the sales are quite unimportant and prices nominal. A few forced sales were made to-day, (Friday,) at about the following reductions on the week. Flour, 2s@3s; Wheat, 9d; Corn, 1s 6d.

The English crops would probably turn out much better than was expected several weeks ago.

☞ Negroes have sat as members in the British House of Commons. One was named Dyce Sombre—a very appropriate name. The other, who was a member for many years, was John Stewart. Their money bought the election. They were not distinguished for ability in any way.

☞ Two of the Arabian horses which were presented to Senator Seward during his tour in Syria, reached Boston recently. One, the mare, died when six days out. The others are in fine condition.

☞ In the Russian empire, the Moscow journals state, self-cremation, from motives of religious fanaticism, is not rare. In the province of Olonez, for example, in the course of last spring, not fewer than fifteen persons, men and women, burned themselves to death, in the belief that they were performing an act pleasing to God.

☞ He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world, for, as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

☞ HOW A MAN FEELS WHEN HE IS GOING TO BE HUNG.—"They got me," said the old captain, "chucked me into a hole where it was so black that I could feel it; and in the morning they carried me out into the yard, and there was a gallows, and a noose, and everything ready—and a black coffin underneath. Then the soldiers were all about, staring at me as if I were a gone goose. If you want to know how a fellow feels when he's going to be hung, I can tell you—he feels *blamed pokerish!*"

☞ Not long since I called upon some lady friends of mine, and was ushered into the parlor by the servant girl. She asked what name she should announce, and I, wishing to take them by surprise, replied *Amicus* (a friend). She seemed at first a little puzzled, but quickly regaining her composure, she in the blandest manner possible observed, 'What kind of a *cuss*, sir?"

☞ A miser undertakes to make the most of everything, by making no use at all of anything.

☞ Nothing short of extreme necessity will induce a sensible man to change all his servants at once. A new set coming together fortuitously are sure to cross and jostle—like the Epicurean atoms, I was going to say; but no, unlike the silent atoms, they have the faculty of claiming and complaining; and they exert it, until the family is distracted with disputes about the limits of their several offices.—*Gussies at Truth.*

☞ An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which every one may read, but which is seldom worth reading.

☞ FRESH EGGS.—An Irishman arrived from Dublin at the house of a respectable merchant in the borough, and having left Ireland three weeks before, brought with him a basket of eggs; and his friend asked him why he took the trouble to bring eggs from Ireland to England? "Because," said he, "I am so fond of them new laid, and I know these to be so."

☞ Two thin shoes make one cold; two colds one attack of bronchitis; two attacks of bronchitis one mahogany coffin.

☞ A young lady who was perfectly thunder-struck by hearing of her friend's engagement, has since been provided with a lightning-rod.

THE PRINCE OF WALES INVITED TO VISIT THE SOUTH.

The following correspondence has been made public:

THE SOUTHERN COMMITTEE TO LORD LYONS.

To the Right Hon. Lord Lyons, H. B. M.'s Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in the United States:

The undersigned, citizens of Southern States of the Union, learning that it is the purpose of his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to visit some parts of our country, respectfully request your Excellency to tender to him a cordial invitation on our part to extend his tour through the several States which we represent. It is true we hold no official relation to those States in extending the invitation. We are private citizens, brought together in this city, casually in our travels, seeking recreation or health; but we are confident that we represent the true sentiment of our section in inviting His Royal Highness to visit us, and in assuring him that he will find with us a warm welcome and a full appreciation of his claims to consideration as the son of a Queen entitled to our highest respect for her own virtues, and as the sovereign of a great and kindred nation, from which we derive our lineage, our laws and our religion, and as a Prince destined to rule that great realm at some future day.

That broad and fertile agricultural region where we reside will present to the Prince an extended picture of wealth, prosperity and happiness, such as he has not observed elsewhere; for the spectacle of a great planting region, inhabited by gentlemen who own the soil and the laborers who cultivate it, is not to be seen outside of the Southern States of the Union. The plantations of the South, with their peculiar system of labor, and their abounding wealth, may well be looked upon by the future sovereign of the British empire with deep interest. The cotton fields of that fertile and extensive region supply the material from which much of the wealth and power of the British empire is derived, and we are confident that, nowhere in this Republic does there exist a higher appreciation of that great nation than in the plantation States. We regard without jealousy the power and prosperity of a kindred people, with whom it is our wish at all times to live on friendly terms.

By visiting us the Prince will be able to judge for himself of our social condition, and he will, we trust, bear with him, when he quits our shores, an increased respect for our institutions. It is a most happy result when the leading minds of the great nations are fully instructed into the real condition of their respective States; when they overthrow the barriers which prejudice or misguided philanthropy seeks to build up, and when they exert their energies to bring about as far as possible a friendly and unrestricted commerce between the people of such.

We should be happy to receive the Prince of Wales and his suite in our midst, and we repeat our request that your Lordship will extend to him, in our behalf, an invitation to visit us at such time as he may find it agreeable to do so.

We tender to your excellency the assurance of our high consideration.

H. W. HILLIARD, Montgomery, Ala.
R. COLLINS, Macon, Ga.
H. W. CONNER, Charleston, S. C.
JOSEPH ACKLIN, Nashville, Tenn.
T. R. JENNINGS, Nashville, Tenn.
M. COURTNEY, Louisiana.
T. M. MATTHEWS, Alabama.
W. H. WILTBERGER, Savannah.
JAS. T. FLEWELLEN, Georgia.
RUFUS M. JOHNSON, S. Carolina.
WALTER GOODMAN, Mississippi.
W. R. Robertson, South Carolina.
M. WARD, Texas.
ROBT. A. SMITH, Georgia.
B. B. LEWIS, Alabama.
H. TILLMAN, Tennessee.
C. L. NELSON, Arkansas.
E. B. CARLILE, Alabama.
JOHN A. MILLER, Mississippi.
JOHN H. HOWARD, Columbus, Ga.
V. K. STEVENSON, Nashville, Tenn.
WM. M. MARTIN, Charleston, S. C.
G. W. SAPPINGTON, Mississippi.
JOHN M. BASS, Nashville.
HENRY G. SMITH, Memphis.

New York, August 28, 1860.

LORD LYON'S REPLY.

TORONTO, September 10, 1860.—Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the letter dated the 28th ultimo, by which, in common with other distinguished gentlemen, you have invited his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to visit the Southern States of the Confederation.

I assure you that the kindness and cordiality of your invitation have been most highly appreciated, and that His Royal Highness has received with the most lively satisfaction your hearty expression of respect for her Majesty the Queen, and of regard and affection for her people.

His Royal Highness regrets extremely that the shortness of the time which he has at his disposal, renders it impossible for him to visit, upon this occasion, the more Southern portions of the United States. His Royal Highness hopes to be able to go to Richmond, in Virginia, but he is so much pressed for time that he will be unable to extend his tour farther South.

In fact, the necessity of his Royal Highness being in England by the end of next month at latest, precludes his being able to prolong his stay in the United States until the season when travelling in the South becomes healthy to European constitutions.

Your courteous and cordial invitation will not, however, be forgotten, and will be regarded as an additional proof of the kindly sentiments entertained towards Great Britain in all parts of the great kindred nation. I have the honor to be, sir, your very faithful humble servant, LYONS.

The Hon. HENRY W. HILLIARD, and others.

BEAUTIFUL NAMES FOR COUNTRY PLACES, in which the Americans certainly excel. First comes the Alexandria *Gazette*, with accounts of some names in the county of Hanover, Virginia:

Negro Foot, Hell Town, Buzzard Roost, Bull Ring, Dog Town, Free Negro Town, Pole Cat, Negationburg and Texas.

The Wilmington (N. C.) *Journal* gives the following as existing in one county of North Carolina, and says that it "defies competition:"

Burnt Coat, Tear Shirt, Lousy Level, Lick Lizzard, Snatch It, Pinch Gut, Bull Tail, Hell's Delight and Purgatory!

This is all very well, but evidently neither of these persons have ever been in California. There they might find such names as Irish Town, Murderer's Bar, Shirt Tail Canon, Devil's Gulch, Brimstone Bend, Hog Point, Grizzly Gulch, Gouged Eyes, Little Hell, Thieves' Canon, Starvation, and fifty others of like calibre, "lying around loose," and nobody thinking that they are at all out of the way. In a single county of New Jersey we fancy that we could discover, without much trouble, the following euphonious appellations: Connecunk, Waycake, Skunk's Hill, Old Woman's Hill, Witch Hollow, Skunk's Misery, Niggerville, Screamin' Town, Black Cat, Varmint Town and Glory Hole.

REV. JOHN WIEDERKENNER died at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 11th inst. He was the founder of the denomination known as the "Church of God," and was honored and esteemed by the entire membership, which embraces many thousands in many States of the Union.

MOTIVE POWER FOR CLOCKS.—A New York mechanic has recently completed a clock, the chief peculiarity of which consists in its motive power. Upon the circular metallic plate which forms the base of the clock is fixed an upright steel screw, standing from ten to fifteen inches in height. A metallic ball of about two pounds weight is penetrated through its centre by this screw, and when at the upper end tends to run down the spiral inclined plane by revolving around it. By an ingenious arrangement it is made to roll upon a little wheel attached to the top of the weight, without itself touching the screw; the friction is thus reduced to the least possible amount. And as by raising the weight this little wheel starts back and again catches in the thread of the screw at whatever point the weight is lifted, the only winding up required is simply to raise the weight, and for this a rod is provided, the upper end of which terminates in a ring or knob outside the clock, and the lower end in a circle, which takes the base of the weight as the rod is lifted. The revolution of the ball is communicated to the main wheel, which lies horizontally upon the bottom of the plate by means of two rods that pass through the ball and are fixed to this wheel. A horizontal bar connects their upper ends, and the middle point of this bar is supported and turns upon the top of the screw. On this centre is the wheel, attached to the upper surface of the cross bar, which regulates the movement of the hands upon the dial. The main wheel at the base is connected immediately with the escapement and balance wheel, by which its motion is checked and let out tick by tick with each swing of the balance. In these clocks the balance is on the compensatum principle. The regulation is like that of a watch.

DEATH AT THE BALL.—The close of the carnival at St. Petersburgh was saddened by a horrible accident. The flame of a candle, lighted to give brilliancy to a *fete*, consumed one of its fairest ornaments. The victim was Mdlle. Kladistchev. Her fate is rendered more touching by the fact that she lost her life in attempting to succor a friend whom the terrible element had first attacked. The friend was saved; but she who was courageous when one she loved was in peril, became bewildered and helpless when herself in danger. Instead of stifling the flame, she endeavored to fly from it. She rushed wildly through the rooms, now nearly deserted, for the ball was over. No one had sufficient presence of mind to aid her. There is always the same vertigo on these fatal occasions. One gentleman attempted to stop her, but she escaped from him, and darted towards the staircase. At the sight of this half nude statue enveloped in flames, the domestics, seized with a superstitious terror, fled in every direction. Assistance came, but too late. They found her on her knees, with her hands clasped, like Joan of Arc, on her funeral pile. She had just strength enough, when she felt that all was over, for one supplication to Him who had called her thus suddenly at the conclusion of a waltz.

TEXAS.—A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, writing from Houston, Texas, on August 30, says:—"You were duly informed of the burning of Dallas, and other towns of Northern Texas, and of the arrest and execution of several white men found tampering with the negroes and sowing the seeds of insurrection. Immediately the hue and cry was raised that the incendiaries were Abolition emissaries, making a raid into Texas similar to that of John Brown into Virginia; but within the last week or so public opinion has been corrected, and it now seems established, beyond a doubt, that the fires are justly attributable to Murrelism, acting under the guise of Abolitionism."

The Marshall (Texas) Republican says:—

"Mr. John D. Evans, who has made a tour through the counties of Upshur, Rusk and Cherokee, informs us that what was supposed to be poison in the hands of the negroes in Cherokee county, when subjected to chemical analysis, turned out to be a harmless preparation. And yet the negroes stated that it was poison, and that they had been instructed to place it in the wells and food of their masters. Very little reliance can be placed in testimony obtained by coercion or intimidation."

THE "METHODIST" ON THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE.—The Methodist does not like the idea of the Committee of Reception honoring the Prince with a ball when he comes to this city. "We put in our earnest and solemn plea against making the dance a part of international comity between the two most Christian nations on earth. We say to the Committee of 'four hundred,' dance, gentlemen, if you will, all of you; dance until the brown stones tremble and the velvet carpets are in rags, but do it for yourselves, not for the city, not for the nation, not for the evangelical Churches, whose members, American to the core, constitute the largest part of the toughest sinew and the strongest muscle of our nationality. All the serious Christianity in the country will revolt at the thought of being represented by your ball. You may spend your own money for your own pleasure, but neither the liberality nor the variety of the expenditure can make you the representatives of those who condemn the modern dance as at variance with religion, and demoralizing to the nation."

DEGRADING THE GOVERNOR OF DAMASCUS.—The Governor of Damascus was publicly degraded at Constantinople on the 5th ult., by order of the Sultan. A letter to the New York *World* says:

"The ceremony was quite imposing. He was one of the eighty-five great Pashas of the empire. He was taken to the great square in front of the War Department. Some thousands of troops were assembled in the form of a hollow square, with many high officers, military and civil. The pasha was led into the centre of this square. The imperial order was then read, after which his brass fez button, his sword, &c., were roughly torn off from him, and it was loudly proclaimed that Ahmet, late Pasha, Governor-General of the province of Damascus, and Commander-in-Chief of the army of Arabistan, was now degraded, stripped of all rank and offices, and reduced to the rank of a common soldier. He was then ignominiously marched to prison by two or three cavasses, whence he was taken to Beirut to be tried for his life."

THE PRINCE'S ROUTE TO WASHINGTON.—It is now stated that the Prince's route from Cincinnati to Washington City will be by way of Columbus and Crestline to Pittsburg, thence by the Pennsylvania Central to Harrisburg, and thence by the Northern Central road to Baltimore, passing on immediately to Washington. It is proposed by Lord Renfrew and suite to reach Washington on the 3d of October, and sojourning with the President several days, will stop with us on his return to the North. An invitation has been tendered to the President and family to be present at the grand ball to be given in New York on the 13th, but declined.

BRAQUET, a circus clown, while giving performances, recently, at Avignon, France, undertook to hang by the hands to the trapeze of a fire balloon. Soon after the balloon took fire and the cords of the trapeze being burnt through, Braquet fell from a great height. Fortunately he fell into the river Rhone, and, although stunned by the shock temporarily, he managed to swim to the bank.

THE LAY OF THE BARKEEPER LOVER.

"Come down the street, from work, Ann,
For the day has come and gone;
Come down the street from work, Ann,
I am here at the door alone;
And the smoke of cigars is wafted abroad,
And the swell of the lemons blown.

"All day long have tumblers been filled
By the fragrant mint and green;
All day have juleps and smashes been spilled
By the young, the fat and the lean;
Till the setting sun the bottles did gild,
And to gold turned the last sardine."

☞ AMERICAN GALLANTRY.—Gov. Moore, of Alabama, has lately manifested his deference to the fair sex in a novel way. It is reported that, finding the penitentiary at Wetumpka too full, he has discharged the female convicts to make room for the males!

☞ A drunkard cursing the moon, a maniac foaming at some magnificent statue, which stands serene and safe above his reach, or a ruffian crushing roses on his way to midnight plunder, is but a type of the sad work which a clever but heartless and unimaginative critic often makes of the works of genius.

☞ CON. BY A DRY-GOODS MAN.—Why will the fair sex be likely to cut Naples after Garibaldi shall have taken it? Because, of course, there won't be any Bomba seen there.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ Governor Gist, of North Carolina, was compelled to decline an invitation to attend the Springfield horse show, in consequence of an unpleasant restriction contained in the constitution, stipulating that the Governor shall vacate his office if he leaves the State.

☞ Oftentimes the "fastest" young women are the most easily overtaken by the galloping consumption.

☞ Our true business in life is to make the most of the means and opportunities we have—not to neglect small advantages because we cannot have large ones.

☞ There may be seen at the present time, in Alfreton, a placard from a tailor, who, in calling the attention of the public to the fact that he intends commencing a clothes club, assures all who may favor him by becoming members, of having "good charges and a very moderate article."

☞ Santa Anna's splendid residence at St. Thomas, West Indies, which had cost him probably $150,000 to $200,000, was burned down by incendiaries a few days before the departure of the last steamer. He does not intend to rebuild, and will probably leave the island.

☞ Coal oil is not made from ordinary bituminous coal, which contains too much sulphur for the purpose. It is extracted from cannel coal—a tough and more valuable variety, immense seams of which are to be found in Virginia, and elsewhere. Kerosene oil is not pure coal oil, but a mixture of that with lard oil. Paraffine is a mineral substance, extracted from cannel coal, and resembling spermaceti in its appearance and qualities.

☞ Quilp says that new desires, like new nails, can be eradicated without difficulty or *danger; but old desires, like rusty spikes,* can't be pulled out without great labor and some damage to the plank in which they were inserted. *Moral*—Out with your nails before they rust in.

☞ What won't the politicians do next? The Farmington *Patriot* accuses the *Chronicle* of "making political capital out of the small pox!"

☞ Gussy coming into the house one day with his pants very much worn at the knees, was reprimanded by his mother, but escaped punishment by saying:

"Why, ma, you see, I *wored* 'em out saying my prayers in the back yard."

☞ A Newburyport (Mass.) paper says: "A young man, residing not a thousand miles from Beck street, being disappointed in going to the Bluff, last Monday, consoled himself by consuming the following refreshments, in addition to three hearty meals: Five sheets of gingerbread; three glasses of small beer; five glasses of nectar; three large pickles; twenty cocoanut cakes, six ounces chocolate cream drops; ten cigars; seven large apples; half pint of peanuts; four cents worth of old cheese; one stick of candy; one pint of new milk; four glasses of ice water; and an emetic—which was ordered by a physician to save his life for further duties."

☞ The following epitaph conveys a backhanded compliment (unconsciously, no doubt,) to the unfortunate deceased lord and master:

"Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged 80 years. *She lived with her said husband 50 years, and died in the confident hope of a better life.*"

☞ "I'll let you know when I come again," as the rheumatism said to the leg.

☞ True glory strikes root, and even extends itself; all false pretensions fall as do flowers, nor can anything feigned be lasting.—*Cicero.*

☞ A HOSPITAL WING BUILT BY POSTAGE-STAMPS.—Mr. Sands Cox's postage-stamps fund for the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, has met with surprising success. Great additions have been made to the building out of the proceeds. The wards are intended to receive 254 in-patients.

☞ QUIET AMUSEMENT—Curious inquirer—Gardener, why do you water the sidewalk so much?

Gardener—Sure, master has nothing to amuse him, and so makes me keep the sidewalk wet, while he looks out o' the windy at the ladies' ankles.

☞ What is the difference between a £40 note and a wife at forty? Ones you can change for two twenties, but the other you can't.

AN ELOPEMENT.—Capt. E. S. Brightman, of New Bedford, was married in 1857, and shortly after sailed on a whaling voyage, from which he has not returned. He sent his young wife lately a power of attorney, which put her in possession of $1,000, to be employed in settling some accounts. Ever since his departure, she had indulged in an intimacy with Capt. Brightman's brother, and last week the guilty pair eloped with the captain's money, but deserting his child, about two years old. Her character had been previously irreproachable. Two other brothers of the captain had started in pursuit.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—A proposition was recently made by R. J. Haldeman, on behalf of the Douglas party, and H. M. Fuller, on behalf of the Bell party, to W. H. Welsh, of the Breckenridge party, that a joint electoral ticket be formed on the following basis: Twelve men from the Reading ticket, now on both the Douglas and Breckenridge tickets; ten Bell and Everett men, and five additional from the Reading ticket; said electors to be agreed upon by two of the three contracting parties. This proposition was declined by Mr. Welsh.

The *Public Ledger* says, in reference to the above, that the proposition "was rejected as unfair and unequal to the friends of Mr. Breckinridge, as under this arrangement they could have no more than five or six electors. This proposition was received and acted upon by Mr. Welsh, as a private individual, and not officially as Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee.

The Bell and Everett and Douglas State Committees will meet at Harrisburg on the 27th inst.

The following card was published on Saturday, signed by A. L. Roumfort, Chairman of the Douglas Committee:—

"As much has recently been published on the subject of alleged propositions of fusion in Pennsylvania, the public are informed that the question of fusion has at no time been entertained by the Democratic State Executive Committee."

TEXAS.—The Bell and Douglas parties of Texas have agreed to nominate a joint electoral ticket.

MASSACHUSETTS.—G. F. Bailey, of Fitchburg, was nominated for Congress by the Republican Convention of the Ninth district, in place of Hon. Eli Thayer. Thayer has made himself unpopular with his party by his advocacy of Popular Sovereignty doctrines.

NEW YORK.—At a large meeting in New York city of all opposed to the election of Lincoln, a committee was appointed to take measures to unite the Bell, Douglas and Breckinridge parties in that State on a single electoral ticket.

Mr. John A. Green has received despatches from a majority of the Breckinridge State Committee, authorizing him to repudiate and denounce any co-operation with the Cooper Institute movement. Fusion appears to be as far in the woods as ever.

MAINE.—Further returns of votes for Governor give the following aggregates:

Washburn, (Rep.)	68,400
Smart, (Dem.)	50,125
Barnes, (Bell)	1,578
Washburn ahead of Smart,	18,375

There are about 2,000 votes yet to come in, but they will very slightly affect the above majority.

MR. DOUGLAS ON THE TERRITORIAL QUESTION.—In his speech at Clifton Springs, N. Y., Mr. D. commenced by expressing the pleasure he felt that he was enabled to relieve the anxiety of the Republicans by informing them that he had found his mother, who—God bless her!—was in fine health. He was in no way annoyed by the comments of a partisan press. After the conclusion of the argument, which occupied nearly two hours, Mr. Douglas again appeared on the platform, and announced that a person had sent up a written question which he said he desired answered for information. The question was: "Have the people of a Territory the right, according to the doctrine of non-intervention, to abolish or exclude slavery from a Territory, while in a Territorial condition?" In answer to the cries of "Who wrote that question?" it was stated that it was H. C. Hutchinson. (Laughter.

Mr. Douglas then said, I have only a word to say in reply. If that gentleman had read any one speech that I have made on the subject in the last five years, he would have found an unequivocal answer to the question. I have made more than fifty speeches this year in which I have answered that question, and yet political opponents insist on putting it to me, for the purpose of creating doubt on the subject. I cannot believe there is a man in America of ordinary intelligence who does not know that I hold that the people of a Territory, while a Territory and during a territorial condition, may introduce, exclude, abolish or regulate slavery, just as they please.

NOT A GOLDEN WEDDING.—The New York newspaper reporters were all on the *qui vive* on the 21st, concerning a rumored elopement, in the upper part of the city, the fair one being a member of the family who figured so extensively in the famous Diamond Wedding romance, not long since. But it is not worth while saying anything about the rumors, as the whole story is told in the brief announcement under the "marriage" head" of the papers—thus, "By the Rev. Wheelock H. Parmley, pastor of the Baptist church, George Leighton Ditson, Esq., to Miss Oralie Matilda Bartlett, daughter of Washington A. Bartlett, Esq., of this city."

The wedding wasn't a golden one this time, and what is more, it didn't take place in Fourteenth street, New York, but over in Jersey City—a proceeding which was resorted to, doubtless, in order to get rid of the rascally newspaper reporters.

A FACT, AND WHY.—A singular case happened recently, in Bristol, England—a Mrs. Dowding, aged 73, having broken both the bones of her left leg in stamping upon a cockroach, and so severely was she injured thereby, as to die within three weeks. Some people express doubts as to the fact, thinking that bones could not be broken by so trifling a cause. But there is nothing wonderful in it. At extreme old age the bones lose nearly all their gelatinous matter, and being composed of little more than phosphate of lime, are extremely brittle. A sudden jar, with the muscles on a stretch, will break even the youngest bones—as we may notice occasionally in winter, when persons fall on the ice; and old ones, being more brittle, have less chance under the effects of concussion.

INDEPENDENT CATHOLICS.—There has been lately organized in this city, says the Richmond (Va.) *Whig*, a religious society, or congregation, called "The Independent American Catholics," the object of which is to dissever all connection with the Pope of Rome and his Bishops, and, in fact, to repudiate and protest against the Roman Hierarchy in every form. It is composed chiefly of French and German citizens, many of whom are well known and highly respected in the community. This is the first move to establish an Independent American Catholic Church in America, and it bids fair to increase in strength and importance, as we are informed that large numbers of adopted and native citizens in every State of the Union are expected to organize similar congregations.

HOW HE SAVED HIS LIFE.—The drummer-boy of the Milwaukie Light Guard was on board the ill-fated steamer Lady Elgin, and was saved by means of his drum. He had presence of mind sufficient to whittle a plug and close the air vent, then lashing the drum to his shoulders, he trusted himself to the waves. The drum supported him, and also four others, who seized hold of it; but these, one after another, dropped off. The drum carried the boy nearly ashore, when, by some means, the head was burst in, and it filled with water. The boy abandoned it, and seizing a fragment of the wreck, succeeded in reaching the shore. The drum afterwards came ashore, and was returned to the boy whose life it had saved.

NEWS ITEMS.

OLD LIZZY GRAY died on the farm of D. E. T. Mims, Edgefield, S. C., at the advanced age of 127 years. Her physician, in an obituary notice, which appears in the *Edgefield Advertiser*, says that "she was imported from Africa during the revolution, after having borne four children in that country. During the Revolution she was a prisoner on board a British ship. She was educated in her youth under the influence of Mahommedan tenets, and although she united herself many years ago to the Methodist church, she ever said that Christ built "he first church in Mecca, and he grave was da."

A PATRIOTIC NEWSBOY.—A few days since, a gentleman on the steamboat Thomas Powell, on her passage up the North River, selected a number of illustrated and other newspapers from the stock of a newsboy who had his stand on the boat. On taking out his purse to pay for them, the boy exclaimed, "Say—you're Gen. Scott, ain't you? I don't take *your* money—you're entitled to free papers!" On the gentleman's assurance that he was not Gen. Scott, but only a New York lawyer, the boy consented to receive the money.

JAMES BAILEY, of Mississippi, died a few weeks ago at the residence of his brother, near Versailles, Kentucky. He was a man of fine sense and great energy, as well as of many noble qualities. At the time of his death he was one of the largest planters in the Southwest, his crops annually averaging from 2,500 to 3,000 bales of cotton. He was sixty-four years old when he died.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH received an enthusiastic welcome home, on Monday evening, at the Tremont Temple, in Boston. A crowded audience assisted, and Mr. Gough delivered one of his most entertaining discourses.

THE pastor of one of the Milwaukee churches went into one section of that city on Sunday, wherefrom many of the excursionists on the ill-fated Lady Elgin, had gone, and found in different houses no less than one hundred children bereft of father and mother, and wondering why they did not come back.

THREE songs, two of them written by Acton Bell, and one of them by Ellis Bell, the sisters of Charlotte Bronte, have been set to music in England, and are highly praised by the London critics.

DEATH OF AN OLD MERCHANT.—John C. Weber, one of our oldest merchants, died very suddenly on Wednesday evening week, at a prayer meeting, in the lecture room of Dr. Barnes' Church, Washington Square, of congestion of the brain.

LOOKING AHEAD.—Senator Seward is reported to have said, at a political meeting in St. Paul, that he looked to the acquisition of British America, Russian America, and Spanish America. He prophesied that the time would come when New York would cease to be the Empire State, and Pennsylvania cease to be the Keystone State, as Virginia had already ceased to be the Old Dominion. The New Dominion, the Empire State and the Keystone State, would be hereafter in the Mississippi valley. Perhaps.

IMPORTANT TO MILLERS.—By a decision of Judge Pearson, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Lebanon county, millers need not pay any license for their business. They can haul out their flour, meal, &c., to their customers, or ship it to commission merchants at other places, without taking out a license for so doing. The decision was made on the 10th inst.

THE Prince Napoleon, desiring to make himself useful as well as ornamental, has accepted the offer of the crown of Hungary. One little obstacle only is in the way, viz.: Austria.

IT is stated in the France Musicale, that Prince Poniatowski has composed a military march of great beauty to be called the *Napoleonienne*, and that the Emperor has ordered that it shall become the national air in the place of *Portant pour la Syrie* of Queen Hortense, which is not considered sufficiently animated.

THE sales of Bibles in Constantinople during the year 1859, amounted to 25,156 copies, being more than double those of the preceding year, the increase being principally in the Bulgarian Scriptures.

THE wishes of Baron Renfrew as regards the privacy of his reception at Cambridge College, are to be implicitly regarded. The students, however, will have an opportunity of personally paying their respects to the distinguished visitor, in one of the halls belonging to the Corporation of the University.

THE wags are making merry over the fact that the last Fusion Committee in New York is holding its meetings at the Government Assay Office, where the machinery is adapted to the fusion of the hardest and most impracticable compound.

MR. OLIVER JOHNSON, editor of the Anti-Slavery paper at New York, recently refused to act as a juror in the Supreme Court, because he conscientiously believed that the Constitution of the United States was "a league with death and a covenant with hell." Not making his appearance as required, to show cause, etc., the judge ordered him to be fined $25.

AT the Ohio State fair, the first premium for steam fire engines, was awarded to the Good-Will Engine of Philadelphia, which threw a stream, through an inch nozzle, 285 feet 5 inches.

THE Bangor Whig and Courier says that the total vote at the recent election in Maine will be found to reach 123,000, which is over 2,000 larger than the immense vote of 1856.

A PARIS correspondent writes that a letter received there from Mons. Aug. Mariette, the eminent Egyptian antiquarian, states that a very important discovery has been made in Egypt:—"The excavations made at Memphis have brought to light a metal founder's workshop. We have already discovered his tools, about forty pounds of unrefined silver, gold medals, twenty silver medals never seen before, and other objects destined to the crucible."

AT the New York Medical College, Professor Jacobi has commenced a course of lectures on "Dentistry," before a large number of students. The Professor was very severe on some of the medical profession, who attributed nearly seven eighths of the diseases peculiar to children, to "teething." According to the census of England in 1857 the number of infants who died from teething was 3,592, of whom 3,194 were under five years of age. The deaths from the same cause in the United States, he said, were correspondingly great.

IN Charleston a desperately ferocious rat awakened a lady from sleep, when she set a small poodle dog upon him, which was very soon conquered. To escape the infuriated thing, she attempted to jump into bed, when the rat quit its hold upon the dog, and flying at her, seized the sole of her foot, and inflicted a severe wound.

GERRIT SMITH is said to be dividing property to the value of $200,000 among five devoted relatives.

A Montreal schoolmaster, somewhat of an enthusiast in the science of geology, has recently made a good hit, by which he pockets the sum of $200,000. He took a lease on a tract of land near Acton, on the Grand Trunk Railroad, upon which a little copper ore had been picked up by the farmer who owned it. Setting to work, he soon developed a magnificent copper mine, which has just been sold for $500,000, of which he receives $200,000.

THE Virginia State Agricultural Society will hold their annual fair at Richmond, commencing October 22d.

GEN. WALKER, and seventy men, were recently captured at the Rio Negro, by the boats of the British steamer Icarus. The prisoners were all delivered to the Honduras authorities. Walker's men were in a very destitute condition, and many sick. They were permitted to return to the United States on condition that they should never engage in another expedition against Central America. General Walker and Colonel Rugler were to be shot.

By the arrival of the steamer Francisco, the *rumor* is furnished that Gen. Walker and Col. Rugler have been shot by the Honduras government. Walker's men were allowed to depart unmolested.

OF the 166,550 persons inhabiting the large area over which the Victoria gold fields extend, no less than 124,891 are dwellers in tents, three-fourths of which consist of but a single apartment.

THE VINE DISEASE IN FRANCE.—The wine crop of France is very poor this season, and, it is supposed, it will fall short of the last one. Vines are all affected by the *oidium*, especially in the south of France, and the grapes are nearly destroyed. In some places sulphur has been successfully used in destroying the disease.

A TRAVELLER PUZZLED.—The Boston (Mass.) Herald says: A distinguished foreigner, who is stopping at one of our best hotels, found some boiled Indian corn on the table one day at dinner, a dish to which he was unaccustomed. Following the example set around him, he ate at the corn, and liking it much, he passed the cob to the waiter and asked to have some more corn put on it. The waiter was waggish, and he took the cob and returned a fresh ear, so the traveller *knew* he had done just right.

ON the night of the 17th inst., the 11 o'clock train from Buffalo ran over a man by the name of Daniel Race, at Painted Post, New York, and instantly killed him.

THERE was a slight frost in several sections of South Carolina on the 14th inst. Snow fell on the Catskill mountains on the 12th inst.

THE privilege to erect booths on the grounds of the St. Louis Agricultural Society, during their fair, has been sold for nearly eleven thousand dollars.

THE Massachusetts Supreme Court recently divorced a man from his wife for the reason that she was a Shaker. She had been a Shaker for twenty years, but the laws of the Bay State would not till recently allow a divorce for the cause named.

SUDDEN DEATH IN CARLISLE.—On Tuesday, Major E. L. Ege, a prominent citizen of Carlisle, Pa., died very suddenly. At supper time he took his seat at the table (at Patton's hotel,) and commenced conversation with the boarders about him. After taking a sip or two of tea, his head fell forward on his breast, and in three or four minutes he was a corpse.

THE original cost of the Great Eastern was $4,500,000. She stands charged to the present owners at $2,150,000. Of this amount $500,800 is preferred stock.

MRS. GURNEY'S APOLOGY.—Mr. W. J. Allinson, of Burlington, a reliable and estimable gentleman, publishes a card, from which we extract the following:

"Various letters have been received from England, bearing testimony that the publication entitled *Mrs. Gurney's Apology* is a forgery, and was unknown in England till conveyed thither in American journals. The first of these is from Lady Buxton, who, with ready intuition, remarks: 'A forgery it is. We suspect it is a money-making trick of the publisher.' A letter which now lies before me, post-marked Paris, August 31, in the handwriting of M. G., the unhappy subject of this base publication, and addressed to Edmund Gurney, fully denies authorship, and says: 'I know nothing whatever of the letter to which you allude, and hope you will let the world know it at once. It is scandalous of those who have done it.'

"This is enough to set the matters at rest. * * * * * One other correction is called for. This has been unfairly stigmatized as a 'Quaker Elopement.' An illustrated journal (with a false portrait) asserts that the alleged writer of the forged letter is '*a member of the Society of Friends, vulgarly called Quakers.*' Were this false and *unfounded* assertion true, what motive prompted, what good end was to be answered, by such a reference? When a Methodist, an Episcopalian, a Baptist, &c., commits a crime, it is not chargeable upon his church, but upon his violation of its teachings. Hence there is no implied stigma upon the Church of England, of which she was a *strenuous* member, when it is stated that this straying one was *never* a Friend, was almost never in a Friends' meeting, but was, as were her parents, in connection with the national establishment."

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE.—The Prince of Wales—we should say Baron Renfrew—commenced his American tour on the 21st. He arrived at Windsor at eight in the morning by a special train from Hamilton, Canada West. From there he crossed to Detroit in a steamer, and landed on American soil. On board the boat were Governor Wisner, the Mayor of the city, the Common Council, and a number of prominent citizens. They were presented to the Prince. The Mayor welcomed the Prince in an "appropriate speech," to which, we suppose, the Prince replied, although there is no notice made of the fact. The reception given by the people of Michigan was very enthusiastic. The shipping in front of the city was tastefully decorated. The royal party landed at the foot of Woodward avenue, where they were received by the entire fire department of the city, bearing torches, and most of the military, by whom they were escorted to the Russell House. The Baron will leave for Chicago to-morrow. Americans *do* love royalty, if we may accept the citizens of Detroit as types of Americanism.

AN amusing hoax was perpetrated at St. Louis on Monday, in the personation of the Prince of Wales and his suite, by some wags. They sent a despatch from Chicago, saying that the Prince would arrive in the next train, and in the next train, sure enough, there was Baron Renfrew and his Mentor, the Duke of Newcastle. A crowd was assembled, and the ladies never thought of their crinoline, so eagerly did they press forward to get a sight of royalty. The Prince bowed, the venerable Duke smiled benignly, in which the Prince joined, when the crowd offered to take the horses out of the carriage and drag the vehicle themselves. The carriage moved over the whole city, surrounded by eager and excited spectators, and it was not till next day that they discovered that they had been paying honors to a bogus Prince.

THE RIGHTS OF FRENCH NATURALIZED CITIZENS.—The decision of the French Tribunal in the case of Puycou, a naturalized French citizen of the United States, goes further than was first reported. The impression was that he was released by the French Government from military service because, at the time he emigrated from France the service was not due. But the decision rested upon the law of France that the quality of a French citizen is forfeited by naturalization, and that foreigners cannot serve in the armies of France. It makes no difference, therefore, whether a Frenchman emigrates before or after military service becomes due, so soon as he becomes naturalized in a foreign country he ceases to be a Frenchman, and the French Government has no claim upon him.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF INHERITANCE.—Seth Thomas, (says the Winsted Herald) of Plymouth Hollow, Connecticut, left, at the time of his decease, eighteen months ago, property worth from four hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars, and six children who were his heirs. There was no will, and the estate descended in the legal manner to the children equally. They consulted no lawyers, began no scramble, but mutually agreed upon two judicious men, and employed them to divide the property into six portions, as nearly equal in value as could be. This done, the portions were put up at auction among them, each buying a portion, and the premiums again were equally divided. In this way the lawyers got no fees, the community no scandal, the peace of the family circle was preserved, and an end arrived at which gratifies every pure sentiment. The transaction was confined so purely to the parties that we perhaps transcend the newspaper's legitimate sphere by reference to it; but so good an example ought not to be lost in these days of avarice and greed.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—About 6000 bbls. have been taken for shipment at $5,75@6 for superfine, closing at the former rate, and $6@6,75 for extra and extra family, including 1500 bbls. Western extra on terms kept private, and 500 bbls. extra family at $6,87½ ₱ bbl. We quote at our lowest figures for standard superfine, and but little demand for that description, which is not very plenty; and $5@6,12½ for extras, of which the bulk of the stock consists. The trade has been buying to a moderate extent within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,87½ to 7,35 for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour comes in slowly and meets with a limited demand at $4,35 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is arriving more freely, and about 500 bbls. Pennsylvania sold at $3,50 ₱ bbl., at which rate it is freely offered. A sale of 400 puncheons Brandywine Meal was made on terms kept private.

GRAIN.—There is a fair demand for Wheat, but with increased receipts, principally from Ohio, and less favorable advices from abroad, prices are 10@12c ₱ bushel lower than at the close of last week. Sales reach about 40,000 bus., principally for shipment, at from $1,38 to 1,40c for prime Western, Pennsylvania and Delaware reds, including inferior and fair at 120@127c, and white at from 130 to 150c, as in quality, the latter for choice lots, closing at from 128 to 133c for reds, and 135@145c for white, as in quality, and prime lots only saleable. Rye comes in slowly and meets with a fair demand at 77@78c for Southern, and 80@85c for Pennsylvania, the latter for prime old crop. Corn—The receipts are light and the demand moderate, with sales of 18,000 bushels to note at 74@75c for good to prime yellow, part in store; 71@73c for inferior to fair, and 72@75c for white, the latter for prime. Oats are steady, with further sales of 30,000 bushels, mostly at 36c for prime Southern, including some Pennsylvania at 37c. Barley is better and more active, some 12,000 bushels having been sold at 85@90c. Barley Malt is worth 95c, and Rye do 80c ₱ bushel.

PROVISIONS—Barrelled meats are quiet, and Mess Pork selling in a small way at $19,75 ₱ bbl. Beef is also in limited demand, mostly for ship stores at $12@14 ₱ bbl. for City Mess. Bacon moves off as wanted, principally to go South, at 12@12½c. for Sides, and 10@10¼c. for Shoulders, cash and time. Hams are scarce, and range at 12@14c., as in quality. Green Meats are in light stock, and without sales to note. Of Lard the stock is light, and prices unsettled, thereon selling at 13¼@13½c., and kegs at 13½c., mostly for cash. Butter continues dull, solid packed selling at 11@12c., and roll at 14c. ₱ lb. Cheese is firmer, and we quote prime New York at 11@11¼c. Eggs are better, and selling at 14@14½c. ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of about 1100 bales, mostly Uplands, at from 8c up to 13c, cash and 4 mos, for inferior to middling and middling fair quality, including good middlings at equal to 12¾c cash. The receipts and stocks continue light.

BARK—Quercitron is wanted, but at a price below the views of holders, who are asking an advance on last week's prices, and about 70 hhds have been sold at $27@28¾ for first No. 1, the latter for a favorite brand. The receipts are light. *Of Tanners' Bark the receipts and sales* were also light, and prices about the same.

BREWSAY is more inquired for, and good yellow is held at 30c ₱ lb., without sales to any extent.

COAL—Prices are steady and firm, and all kinds are bringing fully former rates. Schuylkill White Ash, lump ₱ ton, $3,60; prepared do, $3,60; Red Ash, $3,70; Lehigh lump, $3,65@3,75; do prepared, $3,75; by retail do, $4,50.

COFFEE—The receipts and stocks continue light, and the market is very firm, particularly for prime lots, which are scarce, and bringing rather better prices. Sales reach about 5000 bags, in lots, at 14½@15c for Laguayra, and 13½@14½c for Rio, mostly of the former, including 600 bags Maracaibo on terms kept private, and 250 bags St. Domingo at 13¾c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER continues dull, and we have a small business only to note in Yellow Metal at about 20c ₱ lb on time.

FEATHERS are inactive, and a small business only to note at about 50c ₱ lb for good western.

FRUIT—Green fruit is arriving and selling freely at $1 to $3 ₱ bbl for Apples, and $1 to $2½ ₱ basket for Peaches. Dried fruit is beginning to come forward, but prices are unsettled and drooping.

HEMP—The market remains inactive, and prices the same.

HIDES are firmer and more active, and the recent arrival from Porto Cabello, some 4,000, sold at 21@21½c., on the usual terms.

HOPS—The market is somewhat unsettled, and the sales limited at 25@30c. for new, and 15@20c. for old crops '59s.

IRON—There is very little inquiry for Pig Metal for future delivery, and about 4,000 tons anthracite have been disposed of at $20@21 for forge, and $22@22½ for No. 1, on the usual terms. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig. Blooms and boiler plates are also quiet, and prices the same. Bars and rails are moderately active, and selling at previous quotations.

LEAD—The stock is light, and holders firm, but we hear of no sales this week.

LEATHER—Good stock is wanted, and commands full prices, but for other kinds the demand continues limited, and the market generally inactive, the receipts being mostly of light weights.

LUMBER—There is not much arriving, white Pine Boards move off slowly at $14@17, and yellow sap do. at $13@15. Hemlock raft Lumber is selling at $7½@8 ₱ M. Shingles are coming in slowly, and Cedar Shingles are scarce. No change in Laths.

MOLASSES has ruled very quiet this week, and the sales confined to a few small lots of Cuba and New Orleans, within the range of quotations.

PLASTER is in steady demand at $2,75 ₱ ton, and but little offering.

RICE—The stock is very much reduced and the demand limited at 5c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering, and it is wanted at fully former rates, with sales of some 300 bus to note, mostly old crop, at $5,75 ₱ bus. Timothy also comes in slowly, and commands $2,50@2,75 ₱ bus, as in quality. Flaxseed is selling at $1,62@$1,63 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is rather more doing in Brandy, and prices are firm, and on the advance. Gins are steady in price, with small sales. N. E. Rum is selling at 33@35c. Whiskey is dull and rather lower, and a limited business doing at 22½@23c for drudge, 23½@24c for hhds, 24@24½c for Penna., bbls, and 24½@25c for Western do, closing at the lowest figures.

SUGARS are firm, with a moderate business doing to supply the trade and the refiners, at full prices, and about 800 hhds have been sold at 6¾@6¾c for refining, and 7@7¾c for grocery qualities, on time.

TALLOW is moving off at 9½@9¾c for country and 10½c for city rendered. The demand is limited.

TOBACCO—The demand for both Leaf and Manufactured is small and the market dull, at previous quotations.

WOOL—The market is firm and moderately active.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2400 head. The prices ranged from $7 to 9 ₱ cwt. 9000 Sheep, in fair condition, were sold at from $7 to 8,50 ₱ 100 lbs. 1400 Hogs sold from $7,50 to 8,62 ₱ cwt. 85 Cows brought from $25 to 55, according to quality.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Wm. T. Brantly, GEORGE S. THOMPSON, to Miss JOSEPHINE E. WILSON, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. D. O. Hazen, JOSEPH R. COAD, M. D. to Miss LIDIE R. HALL, both of this city.

On Thursday, Sept. 13, by the Rev. R. Jeffery, JOHN S. WOOD, to MARY AMANDA, daughter of James L. Ebert, Esq. both of this city.

In New York, Sept. 18, by the Rev. Dr. Dewitt, Capt. JAMES MARES, of this city, to Miss CORNELIA A. DOOLITTLE.

At Ellery Farm, Del. county, Pa. by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, D. D., J. B. MCKEVEN, to SUSAN H. MARSH, both of Del. county.

On the 10th of July, by the Rev. Mr. Clay, Mr. ARCHIBALD MCCALL, to Miss MAGGIE E. ISARD, both of this city.

On the 21st of Feb. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JOHN R. WHITE, to Miss MAGGIE WILSON, both of this city.

On the 28th of July, by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Mr. JAMES R. BABCOCK, to Miss ANNA M. BARNARD, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Dubuque, Iowa, on the 13th of Sept. after a short illness, RACHEL R. wife of H. C. Pierce, aged 34 years and 9 months.

At Stenton, on the morning of the 13th instant, MARIA D. LOGAN, widow of Albanus C. Logan, and daughter of the late John Dickinson, of Del.

On the morning of the 17th instant, WILLIAM SAGEE.

On the 17th instant, SARAH ANN, wife of Wm. G. Mintzer, in her 41st year.

Drowned on Lake Michigan, Sept. 8, WILLIAM W. HORNER, youngest son of the late Wm. E. Horner, M. D. of this city.

On second-day morning, 17th instant, RACHEL, widow of the late Jas. Neall, of Talbot county, Md. in her 78th year.

At Bristol, Pa. on the 16th instant, EDMUND BADGER, in his 83d year.

Suddenly, on the 16th instant, NATHANIEL ACTON, aged 60 years.

On the 10th instant, JANE, wife of Thos. Adams, in her 45th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ELIZA BELL, in her 70th year.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. MATILDA GRAHAM, aged 59 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	—	—
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	103	—
" " '68	100	—
" 6 " coupon '74	103	—
Penna 6 pr ct, old	102	—
" " new	100½	100
STOCKS.		
Pitts 8 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	49	—
Allegh City 6 pr ct,	65	75
" County	49	50
Penn 6 pr ct,	102	—
" 5 "	97	97½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1860	100½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	98½	98½
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	140	—
Philadelphia	120	—
Far & Mec	57½	58
Commercial	81	82
N Liberty	60	—
Mechanics	27	27½
Southwark	79	—
N Township	38	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	49½	50
Western	66	—
Man & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	45	48
Consolidation	25½	—
Commonwealth	—	26½
Corn Exchange	25	—
Gerardstown	—	30
Pittsburg, Pitt'g	78	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	112	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	80½	89
Planters "	100	—
N Orleans Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	—	¾
New Creek	1	3
New Grenada	—	½
N America Ins'ce	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Frankford R R	—	50
Bonds	94½	95

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	102	—
2nd "	93	93½
" stock	41½	41½
Cam & Amboy 8 pr ct bonds, 1889	—	110
" stock	122	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	86	88
mort 6's '44	90½	91
" '50	75½	76
" stock	34½	34½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	95
" stock	55	56
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	44	—
6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Chas Val R R '73	33½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	35
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70	71
2nd "	10	—
stock	1½	2½
Catawissa	1½	1
Beaver Meadow stock	64½	—
preferred 10 pr ct	50	—
North Penn's R R stock	104	105
6 pr ct loan	73½	—
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	43½	—
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	64	65
Har & Lan R R stock	55½	53½
bonds '72	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	16	18
Long Island R R stock	13½	15½
bonds	82	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	85½	86
Michigan Central	43½	43½
Illinois "	86½	87
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '97	75½	75½
imp. 6 pr ct	10	—
stock	9	10
preferred	24	24½
Lehigh Nav stock	56½	57
mort 6 pr ct	100½	—
scrip	42½	43
Morris Consol'd preferred	56½	58
Cam & Del bonds	115	116
Union	40	—
bonds	73	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	1	—
	2	4

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, September 22, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to 6-10 dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore par to ¼ dis
Solv bks ½ dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ¾ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ⅝ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ¾ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ⅝ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ⅝ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ⅝ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ⅝ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¼ to 1¼ dis
GEORGIA.
Solv bks 1 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks 1 dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
OHIO.
Solv bks 1 to 1¼ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
INDIANA.
State Bank 1 to 1½ dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 1½ dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks 2 dis
TENNESSEE.
Old bks 1½ dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 1¾ dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural Bank, Galveston — dis
IOWA.
State bk 1½ dis
KANSAS.
Kansas Valley bk 5 dis
MINNESOTA.
Bank St Paul 5 dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis
FLORIDA.
State bk 2 dis

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STRICT CONSTRUCTION.

In one of his visits to England Sir John Stevenson had taken private apartments for himself and servant—an unadulterated native of the verdant isle. Being much engaged on some musical compositions preparing for the press, and finding his time much taken up by morning visitors, he took the precaution one day of denying himself, and thus delivered orders to that effect: Now, Patrick, remember I'm going to be particularly occupied for the next two hours, and I won't be at home, mind, if the Bishop of London calls. "Very well, your honor; I'll take care," replied the obedient attendant, as he closed the door. Sir John now sat down to his pianoforte, and was soon immersed in the interest of his occupation, when in about ten minutes he had reason to congratulate himself upon having provided against intrusion, for a loud knock at the street door proclaimed the usual routine of idlers. What, then, was his surprise and mortification when he saw his room door flung open, and Pat, with his usual smile of welcome, ushered in three gentlemen! After the simple fellow had placed chairs for the visitors, a quick glance from his master's eye told him that he had *somehow* committed himself, but the organ of *potato*-ism was too prominently developed to allow him to comprehend exactly *how;* yet shrewdly suspecting that Sir John's evident vexation was connected with his admission of the present visitors, and with a view to deprecate his displeasure, and prove to his master that he had not infringed the particular order he had received from him, with much significance of look and force of emphasis, he said—"Plaze, Sir John, *the Bishop of London* hasn't called *yet.*"—*Tea-Table Talk.*

WHAT DID HE SAY, LYDIA?—Good old Mrs. Call was very hard of hearing, being somewhat advanced in years. Her daughter, Lydia, was a bouncing lass, who loved a good frolic, and knew well how to get one up. Lydia had arranged a junket, and the young men and maids were all on hand. Among the rest was the General—one of 'em. In the midst of the fun, in popped old Deacon ——, to see how the widow fared. This was a wet blanket to the merriment, and the Deacon held on till Lydia was out of all patience. She wished he would go, and by-and-bye he gets up to depart.

"Oh, Deacon," said mother Call, "don't think of going before tea. Oh, do stop to tea."

The good Deacon, so strongly urged, replied—

"Well, I rather think I will, as the folks will not expect me home till dark."

"What did he say, Lydia?" asked the widow.

Lydia had a ready answer.

"He says he will not, to-day, mother, as the folks expect him home before dark. Why, how deaf you are, mother."

"Oh, well, some other day, Deacon, won't you?" said mother Call, as she showed the Deacon ——.

"Smart girl, that," said the old Deacon, as he trudged along home. "She'll find her way through, I'll warrant."

A SCENE NOT IN THE PLAY.—Manager Riley—70 years ago manager of the Liverpool theatre—in his reminiscences of the stage, relates the following anecdote: (The Jefferson here alluded to was the grandfather of "Our American Cousin.")

The last night of Jefferson's engagement, he played Hamlet, for his own benefit; and Tom Blanchard, ever accommodating, agreed to DOUBLE Guildenstern with the Grave-digger. When Hamlet called for the recorders, Blanchard, who delighted in a frolic, instead of the flute, brought on a bassoon, used in the orchestra. Jefferson, after composing his countenance, which the sight of the instrument had considerably discomposed, went on with the scene.

"Will you play upon this pipe?"

"My lord, I cannot."

"I pray you."

"Believe me, I cannot."

"I do beseech you."

"Well, my lord, since you are so very pressing, I'll do my best."

Tom, who was a good musician, immediately struck *Lady Coventry's minuet*, and went through the whole strain, which finished the scene, for Hamlet had not another word to say.

A SHORT ROAD.—A correspondent dating "Old Dominion," writes—"A neighbor of ours has a pretty daughter, who was surrounded by a host of admirers. Among the most assiduous was a conceited coxcomb, and withal a thundering fool. Notwithstanding his unremitting attentions, the lady married an unassuming farmer, and the fop, in nine days, (the usual period, I believe, with puppies,) showed evident symptoms of insanity. Old Amos, who is full of shrewd negro wit, while making his respects to his mistress one Sunday morning shortly after, was told of the lamentable fact, when he broke out—

"'Dat hyfalutin' gemman done went and gone mad? what fur, mistes?"

"'Because your Miss Carrie wouldn't have him.'"

"'Well,'" says Amos, after a preliminary scratch of his kinky head and a mischievous twinkle in his black eye, 'well, mistus, dare's one thing sartin—he didn't have far to go.'"

A GENEROUS BANKRUPT.—A man not a thousand miles from Syracuse, having made an assignment, some weeks since, was called upon by a New York creditor, to whom he exhibited his books, and with whom he proposed to settle with 50 cents on the dollar.

The New York man replied, "How can you pay 50 cents on a dollar? Your assets will not pay 40 cents."

"Well never mind that," said the unfortunate debtor, "if my assets will not pay the 50 cents, "*I will make up the deficiency out of my own pocket.*"

THE WRONG NAME.—A company was drawn up in line, and an officer began to call the roll. As he proceeded he came to the name of "Ebenezer Mead." He called it—no answer—though the man supposed to own it was a few steps before him in the line. "Ebenezer Mead!" exclaimed the officer in a louder voice. Still no answer.

"Eben-e-zer!" was again thundered forth from the mouth of the indignant officer, still louder than before. There still being no answer, the officer stepped a pace or two forward—

"Is there any Mead here?"

"My name is Mead," replied one of the men—"*Eben Mead.*"

"Rascal!" continued the enraged officer, "why don't you answer when your name is called? I will call it once more—*Ebenezer Mead!*"

There was still no answer.

"Rascal, if you don't answer when I call you again, I'll have you court-martialled!"

"Sir," replied the man, "my name is Eben, and not Ebenezer Mead. Your name, I believe, is Peter Read. Now, would you answer if I should call you *Peterezer Read?*"

It is unnecessary to state that at the next call the officer gave Mr. Mead his true baptismal name.

THE REASON WHY.

Why are women so spiteful to women? The men, when they heard of Mrs. Ickle's supposed backslidings, instead of throwing up eyes, chins, and hands in horror, only smiled and cried "Stuff!" The women, without requiring the slightest evidence, returned a verdict of "guilty" against Anastatia the Superb, and she was condemned to be hung up, as a warning to all wives inclined to be fickle and frolicksome. I can tell you the reason why women are so vindictive: the moment Mrs. Jones hears that Mrs. Ickle has been coquetting with the dashing Herr Kutter, she thinks to herself, "Heavens, if it had been Jones!" She feels, at once, that her Jones is in great danger so long as that creature is at large. He must be protected by the punishment and downfall, and, if possible, the expulsion of the frail, yet fascinating Mrs. Ickle. Generally speaking, wives have little reliance in their husbands' power of virtuous resistance. There is no trusting them—they say—out of their sight; and, worse than all, there is no faith to be put in their promises and vows. The wretches go to business, are about all day long, and there is no telling what they may do. Then, since the men are beyond their influence, the only chance of safety lies in overawing the women into upright conduct by the terrors of excommunication from society. It is a mutual protection company. A meeting is called, Lady Draco in the chair, and it is unanimously resolved: That any member of the female sex who shall be suspected of misconduct, shall be instantly punished with social death. All who are of a contrary opinion will be pleased to signify the same by holding up their hands. Not an arm is raised. All who approve will be pleased, &c. A million wedding-rings glitter on high! That's a fact—I'm sure of it.

LUMINOSITY OF THE SUN.

When the surface of the sun is most luminous, or has fewest spots, there is least heat; and, according to Sir William Herschell (Phil. Trans. 1801, p. 265), a bad harvest is the consequence, with high prices for wheat. When the spots are most numerous, there is an abundant harvest, with consequent cheap bread. Now, were we to imagine the luminous atmosphere of the sun to increase to such an extent as to obstruct the radiation of the heat from the inferior surface, a glacial condition would prevail, to the extinction of life on the globe. If, on the other hand, the luminous matter disappeared, and our sun became a *dark star*—a fate which observers have ascertained as having overtaken other stars in the firmament—then the withdrawing of the light would cause a biological epoch to cease. In such circumstances plants would perish first, and the death of animals would speedily follow. If a new display of creative power were again to take place, we might expect, with the return of light, that plants would first be called into being, and subsequently animals, as dependent on them for food, either directly or indirectly. Such, according to the Mosaic narrative, and in beautiful harmony with scientific truth, is the last recovery of the globe from a chaotic state, or the *dark star* becoming "as the sun when he goeth forth in his might;" and should these changes partake of a periodical character, the palæontological epochs may admit of a plausible, if not a satisfactory explanation, whether these have been abrupt, or have partaken of a transitional character.

YELLOW OCHRE IN MILK.—Sky-blue ceases to be the favorite color of the London milkman. There is a fashion in these things. Our London milk is no longer delicately azure, but of a rich yellow, suggestive of abundant cream. How this happens, Mr. John Bull, of Cow-Cross, learnt accidentally last week from his dairyman's daughter, a confiding innocent of five years old, who called with the afternoon's milk, and, in reply to the question, "What does your father put in the milk, dear?" instantly replied, "only salt water and a little yellow ochre." What a dreadful corrupter of mundane morals is this yellow ochre! Let us be thankful to the little girl, and look for ochre in the milkpail.—*Lancet.*

SIMPLICITY OF THE WILD ELEPHANT.—It is marvellous how utterly ignorant a captured wild elephant appears to be of the presence of any human being seated on the back or neck of a tame one near him. The newly-captured animals are for a time so savage that they would destroy any one within reach of their trunks, and rush furiously so far as their leg ropes will allow, at any one who passes in front of them; but the same person, by mounting, as their drivers do, on the neck of a tame elephant, can go with impunity up to the new comer and noose a foot, or tie on or loose any neck ropes which may be required. —*Dunlop's Sporting in the Himalaya.*

THE PURSUIT OF EXERCISE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Mrs. Pussinboots has read so much lately in the papers of the necessity of daily fresh air and exercise, that she never omits having little Charlie taken out of doors, even though she has to push the perambulator herself, and though it "rains cats and dogs."

Agricultural.

WORKING CATTLE VS. HORSES.

The patience, meekness and uncomplaining toil of the working ox ought, although it does not always, to endear him to his master, and ensure for him kind usage and protection. The writer has a very vivid recollection of the successive yokes of oxen, which, during the years of his childhood, (up the valley of the Genesee,) were owned and worked by his father. The country at that time was comparatively new, and much of it, of course, covered with a dense growth of wood and timber. These cattle had about as distinct and marked features and character as different men; but all of them were similar in one thing, and that was doing, to the best of their ability, the labor required of them. Amid logs and stumps, on side hills and in swamps, over rough roads and through bridgeless streams, we have seen them plod, where horses could not or would not go. Some of their drivers were kind, others harsh and cruel. One in particular is remembered, who was eternally yielding the whip, and seemed never to be happy unless belaboring his team. He was a good teamster in some respects, and took good care of his cattle, but this defect in his management spoiled all.

Working oxen, although far more patient and enduring under ill treatment than the horse, yet are themselves susceptible to the influences of kindness, and respond quite as readily to the encouraging efforts of the driver, as to the lash. One yoke of beautiful red cattle is now recollected, which scarcely knew *what it was to be beaten, and were so well* trained as to be driven side by side around a field, hawed and geed, and backed, without so much as a tow string to confine them together. These cattle were subsequently sold at auction, in order to settle an estate, and their admirable training run them up full twenty-five dollars above the market price.

Oxen are much better in many respects for working than horses; some of which advantages may be summed up as follows: They cost much less in the first instance, and are, therefore, more within the reach of men of moderate means. They are less liable to disease, and if an accident occurs which disables them from labor, they may be converted into food. If a horse should happen to break a leg, a bullet might as well be put through his head at once, for he is worthless ever after; but if the same accident occurs to an ox, he can be converted immediately into beef, provided he is sufficiently in flesh: or if this is not the case the wound can generally be so far cured as to enable the animal afterward to fatten.

The ox will eat less food and of a coarser kind than the horse, and needs less attention in order to thrive. He will work in localities impossible for the horse, and go forward patiently with labors which would chafe the other into utter intractibility.

No man who has ever witnessed the two kinds of animals at work around a saw-mill yard, for instance, can fail to have been struck with this difference in their character. Hitch a span of horses to a log which is too heavy for them to start at once, and in nine cases out of ten, after one or two efforts, they will either break their harness, splinter a whiffletree, or balk, and refuse to draw at all. Now, try it with a yoke of well-broken oxen, and they will lay out their utmost strength with the same gentleness and good will for the twentieth time, as they did the first.

There are a great variety of duties to be performed upon the farm, where horses are of superior advantage; and there are others in which working oxen are altogether preferable. Where the business is sufficient for the employment of both, it is advantageous to combine them; but where a farmer can own but a single team, especially in a new country, oxen are usually much the best.

In this fast age working oxen are too much ignored by our farmers, and their value as laborious and willing servants is too much overlooked.—*Wool Grower and Stock Register.*

FARM TOPICS.—Never set a post in the ground, or even stakes for a common fence without first charring the end. In this practice there is great economy; there is generally brush enough at hand, and the boys like a bonfire.

Never break your colts to wearing blinkers, if you would have a less number of shying, contrary, skittish horses. The rustle of leaf at his heels, or a piece of paper, in fact all sounds from objects which he cannot see or comprehend, being blinded as to all, beside and behind, startle and alarm him. Blinkers or blinders are false ornaments, treacherous and dangerous, and cause many fatal accidents. Why not hoodwink the young steers in breaking them?

Never use anything but a chain and standard for tying cattle. The comfort of the tired oxen and cows carrying their young should always be considered.

Never build your grain bins of any wood but hemlock. It is positively proof against the depredations of rats and mice, who never forget their best friends, the farmers.

Never get up your winter's wood to be chopped, split and thrown into a pile, and lie through the rains and drizzle of the spring months, and then house it at a loss of ten or fifteen per cent. Without loss of time have it under cover when ready for use.

Never keep your winter apples in a cellar where there is a constant opening and shutting of doors. Apples require an even temperature to keep sound. A dry side-hill cellar is best.—*Correspondent of New England Farmer.*

CURE OF HOVEN.

Mr. James Gowen, of Mount Airy, Philadelphia, writes to the Public Ledger as follows:—

Observing in one of your recent issues some special remarks on the cause and cure of "Hoven," allow me to recommend a simple remedy for the evil, one in which I have so much confidence as to feel perfect freedom in recommending its application.

Let a straw or *hay rope (made of two strands of thumb rope laid or twisted together) be introduced* between the jaws of the animal, bridlewise, drawing it back by both ends, and tying it tightly around the roots of the horns at the back of the head, till the jaws are fully opened and gagged. If this is done in the stall and the animal is able to stand or walk, it should be turned out at once, and kept moving about, when in a few minutes the distention will subside and all will be well again.

The philosophy of this, simplified, is that the animal finding itself gagged, is excited to effort to get rid of the obstruction, and for this purpose the tongue is brought into requisition to eject the rope, and while this muscular action is going on, some latent valve is opened, by which the gas is liberated and escapes.

I have never known any other remedy recommended that would not be quite as bad if not worse than the disorder. In a case of pure hoven, so short and sudden are its beginning and ending, there would not be time to prepare and administer drugs, if they could avail, before the case would terminate fatally, or be relieved by nature, while stabbing is so revolting and dangerous as not to be taken into account. The swallowing of a piece of turnip, potato, apple, or the like, is a different condition from that of hoven, and should be treated differently. The probang, instead of the straw rope, must be used, to get rid of substances lodged in the gullet.

Every one having cattle should have one or more ropes ready made for service, so that no time would be lost in constructing one—time is all important in the matter of hoven. If there is any tar at hand, it would not be a miss to besmear that part of the rope with it that is to go into the mouth of the animal. I can give no reason for the tar accelerating the process, other than it increases, perhaps, the revulsions or repugnances to the rope, and causes the saliva to flow more freely. But tar or no tar, let the rope be applied as directed.

This remedy has been long known to me, and frequently adverted to through many years.

JAMES GOWEN.

HAY FOR ONE SHEEP.—In reply to the question, "How much hay will a sheep consume during the winter months," the Michigan Farmer remarks as follows:

The usual rate of the consumption of food at the rate of 3½ pounds of hay daily for every 100 pounds of live weight. If we take the average of flocks, the live weight of 100 common sheep would be about 7,500 pounds, or from that up to 8,000. It is rare that a whole flock of fine wooled sheep will average more than 70 pounds for each head, though it may be that this weight is exceeded in some instances. At the rate mentioned, a flock of 100 sheep should use up or consume 280 pounds of hay per day, or a total of 25 tuns in the winter season that lasted 180 days. This would also equal 504 pounds to each single sheep, or it may be stated as a general rule that a full grown Merino sheep averaging in live weight from 75 pounds to 100, will consume during the winter season a quarter of a ton of hay, or its equivalent, if comfortably kept. If grain forms a part of the ration, of course some of the hay may be saved; but if the animal is to be kept growing wool, it will need its full ration of hay, and a little grain, too.

GENERAL RULES FOR BREEDING.

First. Size, symmetry and soundness are mostly to be regarded in the mare;—blood from the sire, beauty from the dam, is the Golden Rule.

Second. She should have a roomy frame, hips somewhat sloping, a little more than the average length, wide-chested, deep in the girth, quarters strong and well let down, hocks wide apart, wide and deep in the pelvis.

Third. In temper she should be gentle, courageous, free from all irritability and viciousness.

Fourth. Previous to putting her to the horse she should be brought into the most perfect state of health, not over-fed, or loaded with fat, or in a pampered state, but by judicious exercise and an abundance of nutritious food and proper grooming she should be in the very best condition.

Fifth. During gestation she should have generous and nourishing, but not heating diet. For the first three or four months she may be worked moderately, and even to within a few weeks of her foaling she may do light work with advantage to her system.

Useful Receipts.

CURING HAMS.—At length, the famous "Hewbold Recipe" for curing hams has been discovered. The old gentleman was very choice of his secret, and preserved it till the day of his death. After that event, the recipe was found hid away in a hole, in the cellar wall. Here it is: "Seven pounds coarse salt; five pounds of brown sugar; two ounces of pearlash and four gallons of water. Boil altogether and scum when cold. Put it on the meat. Hams remain in eight weeks, beef three weeks. The above is for 100 pounds weight." The recipe is at least worth trying, and we hope some of our readers will test it.

TO MAKE PURE WINE OF APPLES.—Take pure cider, made from sound ripe apples, as it runs from the press; put sixty pounds of common brown sugar into fifteen gallons of the cider, and let it dissolve; then put the mixture into a clean barrel and fill the barrel up within two gallons of being full with clean cider; put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out three or four weeks.

MODE OF EMPLOYING SODA IN WASHING.—Into a gallon of water put a handful of soda and three-quarters of a pound of soap; boil them together until the soap is dissolved, and then pour out the liquor for use. This mode of preparing this detergent for washing will be found far preferable to the usual mode of putting the soda into the water, as of course, as is usual, a lump to the water in the boiler, in consequence of which so many iron-moulds are produced in many kinds of clothes. In the washing of blankets, this mode of proceeding will be found admirable, and render them beautifully white.

COLIC IN HORSES.—An Arkansas correspondent of the SATURDAY EVENING POST says he has cured over sixty horses, since last fall, with the following receipt:

To one pint of whiskey add three table spoonsful of gunpowder. Shake it ten minutes, and then give it to the horse. If, in one hour, he is not relieved, repeat the dose.

SOME CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CORN OYSTERS.—To 1 pint grated corn, 1 egg, well beaten; 1 small tea-cup flour, half tea-cup butter, salt and pepper. Mix these well, and fry them brown; a table spoonful will make the size of an oyster.

PICKLED SALMON.—Buy 2 lbs. salt salmon. Soak it all night in plenty of water. Put it on the fire in fresh, cold water. Let it simmer quarter of an hour. Have ready hot vinegar, seasoned with red pepper and cloves; put your fish in a stone jar and pour the boiling vinegar over. Cover close. When cold this is an acceptable relish.

MOCK LOBSTER.—Quarter butter, 1 egg, boiled hard and chopped fine, mustard, salt and pepper, 3 tablespoonsful vinegar. Have ready 1 lb. finely chopped veal or mutton, which has been cooked, and mix thoroughly the above ingredients.

WHAT WE BREATHE.—"If you examine," says M. Pouchet, "the bodies of animals, who live in our towns, and in our houses, you will be astonished at the enormous quantity of starch contained in their respiratory organs. In birds you will find it even in the middle of their bones. Particles of soot, filaments of the different kinds of textures of which our cloths are made, are also found there in great abundance. But the further the animals lives from a town, the more scarce becomes these bodies. In animals and birds living in the midst of forests, you will scarcely find any at all of them; in their case the respiratory apparatus is, on the contrary, filled with a large quantity of vegetable *debris*, chlorophylle, etc. I have found in the lungs of man the same atmospheric corpuscles as in animals. I found in two persons who died in one of our hospitals—a man and a woman—and whose lungs I injected, a notable quantity of fecula, normal, or after panification, particles of silica, and fragments of glass; fragments of painted wood of a beautiful red color; *debris* of clothes, and a larva of a microscopic arachnis still alive.

TOBACCO.—There are thirty species of tobacco. That probably accounts for the variety of mean cigars. Perhaps the "pure Havana" manufactured from the cabbage leaf and sold exclusively, is as harmless as any.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 6, 2, 16, is a vegetable.
My 2, 5, 10, 11, signifies swift like a gray-hound.
My 3, 7, 16, is a denomination of avordupois weight.
My 4, 12, 11, is a color.
My 5, 6, 6, was a general of the Revolution.
My 6, 5, 5, 15, 9, is a county of Texas.
My 7, 8, is a preposition.
My 8, 6, 5, 5, is the Danish word for hill.
My 9, 13, 5, 3, is a body formed by combining an acid with a base.
My 10, is an indefinite article.
My 11, 15, 1, is the bill or beak of a bird.
My 12, 18, 1, is a Book of the Bible.
My 13, is a vowel.
My 14, 13, 17, is a domestic animal.
My 15, 9, is a verb.
My 16, 15, 11, 6, is a number.
My 17, 6, 11, is a number expressed by a unit in the second place of a numerating period.
My 18, 13, 9, 15, 9, is a watered spot in a desert.

My whole is a memorable event in the history of Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CHARLES B. NORTHROP.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 7, 13, 2, 12, 1, is an island in Egypt made by the division of the river Nile.
My 3, 7, 16, 4, is the Latin for gormandising.
My 14, 11, 1, is one of the principal rivers of Europe.
My 2, 8, 1, 6, 7, 15, 14, was the lover of Hero, a beautiful maid of Sestos.
My 13, 3, 6, 15, 9, is the Latin for son-in-law.
My 15, 10, 6, 1, is a mount of Sicily, which burns continually.
My 17, 13, 2, 14, 5, is the Latin for earth.
My 1, 14, 16, 9, was a river of Provence in France so slow that its course could scarcely be perceived.
My 11, 16, 2, 17, 3, 14, was a weight of lead which leapers or dancers on ropes held in their hands to counterpoise their own weight.

My whole is the name of an ancient General who subdued a large part of Asia; and, by an uninterrupted series of victories, for ten successive years, became master of half the world.

Yankeetown, O.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 22, 23, 2, 8, 26, 10, is a country in Europe.
My 20, 23, 20, 19, is a sea in Europe.
My 3, 14, 9, is an island in Europe.
My 11, 14, 21, 13, 23, 14, 9, 26, 20, 5, 26, 4, is a city of California.
My 1, 17, 15, 23, 12, 20, 6, is a city in Michigan.
My 3, 20, 26, 7, 20, 22, 14, 18, is one of the United States.
My 24, 23, 20, 25, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 22, 23, 27, 10, 8, is a river in Kentucky.

My whole is the name, birth-place and country of an ancient orator.

Trinity, La. R. L. BROOKS.

CHARADE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

With all thy getting, never get
My "first," I humbly pray.
For on my honest word I yet
Have never known it pay.

My "second" you are apt to see
In almost any land;
And some have said 'tis in the sea,
And found among the sand.

My "third's" in Maryland, I guess,
But I will never tell;
In Baltimore I do confess,
That it doth always dwell.

My "second" and my "third" combined
Will form a simple word.
In every grammar I can find,
'Tis said to be a verb.

My whole when back or forth 'tis read,
Will sound and mean the same.
Now if you have a thinking head,
You soon will know my name

Granville county, N. C. B. G. E.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, perhaps, contains your clothes,
When they are out of sight;
My second you may lie upon
When you retire at night.
My whole will never be forgot,
His works "still live," though he "is not."

GAHMEW.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel had a large roll of butter, in the shape of an oval, whose length was to its thickness as 7 is to 3. He cut off from this roll as much butter as would have made 1 solid cubic foot, and remodled the remainder into the same oval shape and form that it had before dividing, when he found that now his roll had got 7 inches shorter than what it was before cutting this cubic foot of butter from it. I wish to know the cubic contents of Samuel's butter roll, both before and after dividing the same?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Cratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is an Englishman like nineteen shillings? Ans.—Because he is under a sovereign.

☞ When is the sun like a Turkish jail? Ans.—When it's *upriser* (a prison) in the East.

☞ Why can you never expect a fishmonger to be liberal or generous? Ans.—Because his business makes him sell fish (*selfish.*)

☞ Why is the world like a piano? Ans.—Because it is full of *sharps* and *flats.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"Industry the means and plenty the result." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"In the midst of life we are in death." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Learn to live as you would wish to die. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Madison University, Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS—Sebools in Maine—(Shanghai, Eaton, Belgium, Oneida, Orosi, Ispahan, Seine.) RIDDLE—Wig. FLOWERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED—1 Violet, 2 Tu-lip, 3 Sweet-William, 4 Lark-spur, Holly-hock, 6 Butter-cup. PROBLEM—880 feet.